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Letters should be addressed to Oliver Johnson, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

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Selections.

MORALS IN AMERICA.

The Rev. Charles G. Ames Miller, of Germantown, Philadelphia, has organized a discussion club, and has published a pamphlet containing the following members of his congregation. It bears the title: "*Dead Flies in Precious Ointment*: *A Discourse on Morals in America*." Taking as his text the declaration of Solomon, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," Mr. Ames, in a spirit that befits a religious teacher in times like the present, and with an earnestness born of deep conviction, seeks to impress upon the minds of his congregation the great truth, that Pure Morality is essential to National Prosperity, and that the way of Sin is the way of Relo. Our readers will thank us for the following extracts:]

To judge wisely of the nation's moral standing, we must consider the question, *How do we regard Man?* What principles control our personal, social and public conduct? A complete answer would require an extensive study of domestic and social life, even the results of so wide an inquiry; but can only touch on a few representative facts.

The nation was plunged into this terrific ordeal of civil war just as it emerged from a long seven years of a financial crisis, which brought many elements of both evil and good to the surface. For more than three years this mighty strain has been upon us; and the real qualities of our domestic life have been tested as never before. If we are not so good as we should be, neither are we so bad as we might be. Our record is one of honor mingled with shame. Here is material enough, even in the brief space of time, for an enemy to compile a damning history of infamy—of baseness, lawlessness, lust, brutality, crowding injustice, knavery, profligacy, greed, slimy corruption, all flagrant vice, and even of treason—going far to prove the theory of total depravity. But not this the dross, separated and made manifest by the furnace-fire? Whoever will be just, let him tell also of the pure gold, brightening unharmed amid the fierce glow—of acts of self-sacrifice, of deeds that bim portray the sustained enthusiasm for a principle, the willingness to serve and to suffer, the heroism born of conviction, the unbribed and unbribable resolution, the self-forgetting patriotism, the getting patriotism, the magnanimous forbearance towards malignant foes, the patient self-possession under exasperations, the generous allowance for civil and military errors which had cost so many lives and treasure, of which these days of mournful glory have shown so many of our countrymen to be capable. Whatever may be the judgment of professional critics, or whatever may be the judgment of Heaven, who stand in the midst of these stormy scenes, who are living through the time that tries men's souls, who see and feel the weight of temptation and the pressure of all forces against all the barriers of morality, know well that the virtue which endures to the end of such a trial must be bottomed on the rock of principle.

If, as the ancient allegory suggests, a guilty city may be saved by the redeeming presence of a few righteous men, there is surely good ground of hope for the salvation of a republic whose life is so powerfully based on loyalty to the eternal law.

Yet must we rejoice with trembling. It would be a pleasure to speak only good of one's countrymen; but multitudes have no faith in the doctrine of Solomon. Till the nation is permeated and controlled by a conviction that nothing but righteousness is wise or safe, our statesmanship will be blind, and our prodigious outward progress a gigantic striding toward destruction. Every day men are saying, "It costs too much to be honest; it is inconvenient." Every day they reverse the Christian doctrine that he is greatest who renders largest service—who *gives* the most; they say, "He is the best fellow who *gets* the most what is life but a game of grab?" Business, as commonly conducted, is iniquity; for iniquity means inequity, unfairness—a desire to secure all the advantage on one side. How few consider the rights of the other party as equally sacred with their own! The honest, Christian principle is, that in every transaction there shall be mutual benefit, so that each shall be better off for the exchange. But when our boys are so that street business is foolish or impossible, is it strange that they take to sharp practice? Emerson says, "Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs." Then, it must be, we are far from civilized.

Employers beat down the laborer's wages to swell their own gains: working-men combine to prevent women from earning honest bread: white men say that negroes shall have no employment;—as though any alternative were left but to steal or starve! As dogs quarrel for a bone—as swine crowd each other from a trough—so do we, in the hunger of our push for the best chance, as though the table set by the bountiful Father was not large enough for all! No man is quite a man, till he respects the equal rights of all others.

Till selfish competition gives way to the higher spirit of co-operation, we shall never be a Christian common-wealth; poverty and all the evils of caste will increase; selfish cunning and greedy monopoly will continue; the wealthy will be tempted to idleness and the more honest, out of a fair chance, crowding them to the wall.

In a republic, based on self-government, citizenship ought to be a school of moral excellence: alas, that with us it should be a school of corruption! The selection of rulers and magistrates was once thought to be a religious or religious act; and the training of laws for the government of men was regarded as a serious and reverent inquiry after the will of God, or the principle of natural right. Did the Declaration of Independence, then, set us free from allegiance to Him in whose universe we live, that we should so flippantly declare that "all is fair in politics"? I want no institutional union of church and state; much less do I wish to see the guidance of affairs in the hands of those good men who only see the world through books, study-windows and religious spectacles: but are we not now suffering untold agonies in consequence of the unnatural divorce of honesty from politics—moral principle from public affairs? The merest allusion to this matter, even in a discourse on the nation's moral condition, will shock the current sense of pulpit propriety—so completely is this wide and important sphere of human action given over by Church and people, to be managed with no reference to practical righteousness!

So our politics must be called base. We accept base maxims; we adopt base methods; we follow base leaders. How else could the worst men in all the land rally, under their headship, such hosts of our countrymen? Too often, we do not believe political virtue possible. So we look for wisdom of wise counsel and worthy leadership, taking it for granted that "politicians are all alike." If a public officer is wholly faithful, he is not the less distrusted and denounced; men ask, "What hidden, horrible wickedness is this which has such a goodly outside?" Truth is too tame. Fairness, candor, moderate counsels, are at a discount. Falsehood, exaggeration, distortion, caricature, sell well. Partisan presses reek with vindictive personalities and reckless insinuations. The good name of the best citizen is spattered with foul slanders; sycophantic incense is burned under the noses of scoundrels who deserve a felon's late, but who are useful to the "party."

And there is a morbid craving for evil reports which both encourages their invention and helps their propagation. Circumspice: Any ignorant or malicious scribbler—any nameless, irresponsible correspondent—can send to press the statement of a homesick soldier, a scandalous discourage, or a rebel sympathizer; and a million men will read, believe, and join in frantic curses against the public authorities!

Many good men stand aloof from the duties of citizenship: it exposes them to unpleasant contacts, and to mean suspicions. Are they such good men, then? If all honest people were so dainty, how long would public affairs be managed with even a semblance of decency? This said that a republic is like a raft: it does not sink, though your feet are always in the water. But the strongest raft may go hopelessly to pieces in such wild whirlpools and angry rapids as these. America requires that every man shall do his duty.

What shall I say of slavery? Of all our sins and shames, none has been so leprous; none has so poisoned our life; not all others together have so much obstructed our political glory, or involved us in such dreadful calamities. Itself an unnatural crime, against which the moral sense of all nations revolts, and which Christianity has well nigh rooted out of all other gospel lands, it was nurtured to monstrous growth in the South by cotton-growing cupidity; and when it set itself up as the controlling Power, claiming to dictate the destiny of the continent, and to make the pursuit of the slave-trade, the gains of God-forgetting trade, moved us to concessions which did but increased the arrogant demand, and confirmed the growing disloyalty of the slave-made autocracy. Our institutions were purified by return to the right path was only possible through this bloody wilderness of war. On both sides, therefore, the war was caused by wrong; nor would the North now have been able to put the principle of the nation's rightful authority, had not its own complicity invited the virtual overthrow, or fatal transformation, of the government.

Were I speaking now of our present duty—of the right policy to be pursued during this unhappy civil war—I should say, Subordinate the question of slavery and everything else to the work of putting down the rebellion. Follow the path marked out by the President, when he says, "I propose to save the Union, in the shortest way, under the Constitution; by freeing all the slaves or by freeing a part, or by freeing none, in my judgment, as exigencies of the war may require. While this mighty conflict is on our hands, everything must bend to the necessities of the hour. Every power, ordinary or extraordinary, must be exerted with a single eye to the national safety and the overthrow of the whole rebellious conspiracy. If it become necessary to success, the government may rightfully close, or use for military purposes, every church, school-house and work-shop in the land, compelling every energy and resource of the nation to its service, and suspending, for the time, all the ordinary functions of society. Certainly, then, the question of slavery is justly held, by the Administration as by the great mass of the people, subordinate to that mightier issue which involves the rights of us all. We strike at this institution, therefore, just as we strike at the rebel army, hoping thereby to paralyze the rebellion. But this is not the serpent that laid the evil egg, and thereby make peace secure and lasting. On this basis, patriotic men, of all opinions, can work and fight together in the glorious end.

But our present theme is not the war; it is the moral condition of the country. Having protected myself from misunderstanding, I proceed to speak of slavery as of other moral diseases under whose influence it has long been growing worse. Our apologies only sink us deeper in the mire. Do we assert the negro's degraded and inferior condition? So much the meaner appears the bullying tyranny of a more advanced race. Do we say the South alone is responsible? So much the less excusable is our voluntary complicity. Do we attempt to show that slavery is a divine institution? We only display to a school-boy the "Scriptures" as a delightful proof of divinity. Do we declare it is a difficult subject to deal with? So much the more earnestly should we have sought for wisdom, instead of silence, to counsel only of our prejudices. True, slavery can be defended: do you know of any abomination which cannot? "If slavery is not sin, nothing is sin," says our Chief Magistrate; and you would agree with him if you were the victim, even though the master were as much your superior as you claim to be above the negro.

It is a question of right; and such questions compel their own settlement. Even under the present stress, and with many encouragements to do right, we seek to avoid that settlement by unmanly evasions. The public sentiment which supports the policy of not allowing negroes to earn the blacks is shame-faced and reluctant. It wants to abolish, but fears to be called "Abolitionist." Certainly, nothing but military necessity could justify Federal interference with the institutions (as men understand the Constitution), but since that necessity exists, why should not a Christian people *rejoice* to right a wrong? Why not rejoice that Providence thus commissions us to open prisons and break the fetters of the innocent? Why not rejoice that the war carries liberty to the slaves, just as we rejoice in the social regeneration it promises to the poor whites? Ah! if we rejoice, we shall soon "love our enemies, our lovers," and we can bear anything but that—it is equivalent to being suspected of "good will to men," or even of sympathy with the Universal Father! We prefer to be classed with those who, in offering sympathy with our colored countrymen, while we ask them to die in our defence!

"First pure, then peaceable." These hideous blotches of secession and treason are but the surface indications of a deep-seated disease. We shall be free from that quackery of statesmanship which seeks to drive the loathsome virus back into the blood, in order to restore the original *status* of the wretched patient! Peace be my gift to God, and to my country! It is no heaven at whose hands we seek it. No wise counsels come from the evil inspirations of prejudice and hate.

Whether the negro can rise or not, is a question which will settle itself when we cease to keep him down, and when he shall be made secure in the enjoyment of those means of culture and progress which are found very necessary to the elevation of white people. Meanwhile, we are hindered from doing a foolish and wicked words may be spoken on this as on every other subject; and I cannot justify many things which are said and done by anti-slavery men, any more than I can justify all the acts and words of others during the revolution. To err is human; and there are wrongs on the right side; but there can be no innocent silence so long as there is a slave. If I should speak of a Christian people who, for years, so much the more cursed he slavery! for "oppression maketh a wise man mad"; and such madness is better than indifference.

I speak not as a friend of the negro only, but as a friend of Man—as one of the race, profoundly convinced that justice is good for us all—as a Christian freeman, asking no privileges, and willing to share none, to which I would not welcome all mankind. God give me grace to be despised along with the humblest who share our nature; if despised one must be for acknowledging relationship to the least of all God's children. In truth, there is a thousand fold more need to save the white man from the guilt of being an oppressor, than to save the black man from the wrong of being oppressed. The more we treat him as if he were a brute, the more like brutes do we ourselves become. Thus the pro-slavery spirit of the North has lowered the tone of our whole morality. How could there be any genuine love of the Good, where there was so much hatred and contempt? Righteousness alone exalts; hatred proves itself to be murder. Already has negro hatred cost us half a million lives! Do not tell me all this woe is chargeable to anti-slavery men: liberty is as good as slavery, any day; and all the room in this world must not be claimed for Wrong.

Through the elasticity of the American negro's nature, and the helping Mercy which works everywhere, he stands here on a higher plane than the pagans of his ancestral home; but it is by no good will of ours, and even in spite of our selfish, persistent efforts to prevent it. I recognize and rejoice in the numerous exceptions; and yet must retract the charge. Ever since, while a hundred black regiments stand willingly in the face of death, magnanimously forgiving and forgetting the wrong we have done them—their hearts throbbing with loyalty to the flag, and with the great hope that all the generations of their children will drink the fullness of that cup of liberty which they can but taste—the very air of these free States shudders with the blasphemous curses of a hundred thousand white freemen, who would willingly reenslave or butcher these black Unionists, in the vain hope to soax the rebel masters back to the hypocritical pretence of allegiance?

"Sin is a reproach to any people." What a stain, then, rests on the name of our country!—a stain all the darker from its near contrast with the glorious principle of impartial liberty and impartial law, which was laid for the foundation of our government. Yes, laid for the foundation; but we did not build thereon; and there can be for us no safe system of "reconstruction" which rejects that chief corner-stone.

When this prolific curse shall have been removed; when we are oneselves emancipated from the love and practice of injustice; when the controlling spirit of the people shall accept all institutions with reference to the welfare of all classes—then shall we be a nation exalted in righteousness. There will be no more rebellions, and no fear of invasions. If righteousness is a "breast-plate" to the individual man, it is equally a righteous nation may be declared invincible and impregnable.

We shall never outshine the ostentatious splendor of ancient nations; it is not for us to repeat the pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, or the gorgeous palaces of Persepolis and Rome; but how much more glorious will be the picture of a wide land, covered with the happy homes of competent, self-governing, intelligent freedmen, and with the people as princes and potentates! Let us aim at as the appointed mission of our dear country, to give the world an example of what the human family may become by "loving the neighbor"—"to teach the nations how to live"—to illustrate, on a continental scale, how perfect a type and how noble a style of manhood can be produced by freedom and righteousness! Let our institutions be founded, loved by wisest laws and bravest hearts; but by freedom joined with righteousness—loyalty to the eternal law—without which freedom soon becomes a monster to destroy its parents! Let our institutions be, not are justly alarmed: let us be still more afraid of wrong. Whatever lowers the moral standard of the people, that is the public enemy; whoever lowers it, he is the traitor—only Christian faith and Christian works can save us. Uncompromising fidelity to the light God gives, is Christian faith; doing the right thing—doing whatever ought to be done in any case—is Christian works.

Let us not forget that the righteousness of a nation is the collective righteousness of individual men and women. All that bears on the public welfare bears upon me and upon you. Every one of us is responsible to purify the land. Every bad man is a rotten thread in the social web—a tottering stone in the public wall. If there were to-day no base material in our population, there would be no national peril. If all the citizens were what they might and ought to be, the Republic would stand firmer than the purified Republic. So—as victories are gained when every soldier carries one musket and makes good use of it—let every man see to it that he makes one good citizen, and all will go well.

I cannot anticipate a speedy end to our present troubles. We are not a religious nation yet, and our sin lies heavy upon us. Let us bravely face the crisis and give our best to the cause. Bad men will not let us prosper in evil-doing. Our pain must teach us respect for His laws of health. There are too many elements of mischief among us, to allow of quiet for more than a year; other evil spirits to be cast out, even if every Southern and Northern traitor were powerless. The severest strain upon our institutions and our virtue is yet to come. The surgery of war may lop off rotten limbs; but it does not purify the pure blood, and it runs the risk of fatal exhaustion.

But, in the face of all sad facts, and in defiance of disasters and reverses, let us cherish a cheerful faith in the efficacy of righteousness. Let our apologies only sink us deeper in the mire. Do we assert the negro's degraded and inferior condition? So much the meaner appears the bullying tyranny of a more advanced race. Do we say the South alone is responsible? So much the less excusable is our voluntary complicity. Do we attempt to show that slavery is a divine institution? We only display to a school-boy the "Scriptures" as a delightful proof of divinity. Do we declare it is a difficult subject to deal with? So much the more earnestly should we have sought for wisdom, instead of silence, to counsel only of our prejudices. True, slavery can be defended: do you know of any abomination which cannot? "If slavery is not sin, nothing is sin," says our Chief Magistrate; and you would agree with him if you were the victim, even though the master were as much your superior as you claim to be above the negro.

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LOUISIANA—THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

From The Tribune.

The Constitutional Convention of Louisiana closed its labors on the 25th of July. Though the work it had to perform was of much greater importance than that of the previous Conventions of Louisiana, in 1845 and 1852, its session was shorter than either of them, lasting, in all, 111 days. The new Constitution adopted by this Convention will be submitted to the people for their ratification or rejection on the first Monday of September.

We publish elsewhere the complete text of the new Constitution in English and French. It contains, under 14 titles, 155 articles, some of which are of more than local interest. The first title, embracing two articles, treats of emancipation, and transfers Louisiana from the slave States to the free States. The two articles are as follows:

Article 1. Slavery and involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, are hereby forever abolished and prohibited throughout the State.

Art. 2. The Legislature shall make no law recognizing the right of property in man.

We regret that the principle of *uncompensated* Emancipation was not embodied in the new Constitution; yet this omission is of slight importance in comparison with the great fact that slavery is declared extinct. And the fact is the more significant because the majority of the Convention contained members of the legislature of the State of Louisiana, showing that it is not, as the Copperheads persistently maintain, the Northern officeholders only who favor the new Constitution.

The right of suffrage is restricted to white male persons who have attained the age of twenty-one years. This restriction shows that the legislators of Louisiana have not yet learned that in a democratic State all men must be equal in the sight of the law. Still, not to be too severe in our judgment on Louisiana, we must remember that most of the Northern States have set the example of denying the rights of citizenship to the negroes. It is creditable to the Louisiana Convention that their willingness to recognize at least a portion of the negroes as citizens is indicated by the following article:

Art. 15. The Legislature shall have power to pass laws extending suffrage to such other persons, citizens of the United States, as by military service, by taxation to support the government, or by intellectual fitness, may be deemed entitled thereto.

It is a serious defect of the Constitution, that it omits an explicit provision excluding from the right of suffrage, all who have taken an active part in the rebellion. To supply this defect, a resolution was adopted on the 25th of July providing that every voter must take the "iron-clad"—that is, the oath required of the members of the Convention, that they had never taken an active part in a rebellious war against the government of the United States. This resolution may to some extent neutralize the constitutional defect, though it is very far from being an equivalent.

Articles 36 and 46 declare the ineligibility of clergymen to the General Assembly and to the offices of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor — provisions which are not in accordance with our ideas of liberty and equality. The same must be said of article 116, which gives to the Legislature the power to license the selling of lottery tickets and the keeping of gambling houses. The new Constitution properly provides that no [illegible] shall be taxed for the support of any church, and for the education of all classes by a tax on the property of the State.

Upon the whole, while the new Constitution lacks some of our ideas, it is so great an improvement over the former Constitutions of the slave State of Louisiana, that we hope for its ratification by a majority of the voters of the State.

The Convention fitly concludes its work by declaring in favor of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, providing for the abolition of slavery throughout the Union.

AFFAIRS IN LOUISIANA.

BANKS AND CANBY AT LOGGERHEADS.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

New Orleans, July 26, 1864.

I mentioned in my last that the rumor prevailed in this city that Gen. Banks had been relieved of his command. The official announcement of this has not been yet promulgated, but cannot long be delayed, as the matter is beyond a question certain to come out.

The relations between Gens. Canby and Banks have gone still further askew since my former letter, and it is a surprise to many that Banks should seem to dare to take on to a power from which he is certain to be ejected at no distant day, if he does not gracefully accept the fact that what must be will be, and step aside voluntarily.

Yesterday a little quiet here the other day, in which the State Constitutional Convention, backed by Gen. Banks, was one party, and Mr. May, the editor of the N. O. *Times*, was the other. The proceedings of the Convention have been published in previous one day last week, and were so characterized by *The Times* in a bitter editorial next day, personally reflecting upon Judge Durell, its President. Thereupon the Convention boldly waxed wrath, and after denouncing Mr. May and *The Times* in a bitterest invectives, proceeded to summon Mr. May, through its Sergeant-at-Arms, backed by the Provost-Marshal, by order of Gen. Banks, to appear before the Convention and make apology for the offence which he had felt and expressed for that body. Mr. May appeared, and stated to the Convention that at at a proper time, and before a proper tribunal, he would be ready to answer for the violation of law of which he might have been guilty.

The Convention received this as additional contumacy, and passed some resolutions ordering Mr. May to imprisonment in the jail of the parish, and that *The Times* be suppressed incontinently. The speeches made pending these resolutions would be esteemed curiosities anywhere outside of Bedlam. The extreme radical course of the Convention majority and of Gen. Banks in aiding the carrying out of its spiteful sentence was brought at once to Gen. Canby's ears, when he summoned Gen. Banks, and direct release Mr. May, and to abstain from any attempt to suppress *The Times*.

Within the hour, the time for the sine die adjournment was three times postponed by the votes of both Houses; and the least intimation of a desire for more time by the President to consider this bill would have secured a further postponement.

Yet the Committee sent to ascertain if the President had any further communication for the House of Representatives reported that he had none; and the friends of the bill, who had anxiously waited on him to ascertain its fate, had already been informed that the President had resolved not to sign it.

The time of presentation, therefore, had nothing to do with his failure to approve it.

The bill had been considered and considered for more than a month in the House of Representatives, which it passed on the 4th of May; it was reported to the Senate on the 27th of May without material amendment, and passed the Senate absolutely as it came from the House on the 2d of July.

Ignorance of its contents is out of the question.

Indeed, at his request, a draft of a bill substantiated the same in all material points, and identical in the points objected to by the proclamation, had been laid before him for his consideration in the Winter of 1862-1863.

There is, therefore, no reason to suppose the provisions of the bill took the President by surprise.

On the contrary, we have reason to believe them to have been so well known that this method of preventing the bill from becoming a law without the constitutional responsibility of a veto, had been resolved on long before the bill passed the Senate.

We are informed by a gentleman entitled to entire confidence, that before the 22d of June, in New Orleans, he spoke of the bill to a member of Gen. Banks's staff, in the presence of other gentlemen in official position, that Senator Doolittle had written a letter to the department that the House Reconstruction bill would be laid off till the end of the session to a period too late in the session to require the President to veto it in order to defeat it, and that Mr. Lincoln would retain the bill, if necessary, and thereby defeat it.

We have experienced Senator Wade, in his various efforts to get the bill considered in the Senate, was quite in accordance with that plan; and the fate of the bill was accurately predicted by letters received from New Orleans before it had passed the Senate. Hence, the proclamation was not a surprise, it would have been only one other defeat of the will of the people by an Executive perversion of the Constitution.

But it goes further. The President says:

"And whereas the said bill contains, among other things, a plan for restoring the States in rebellion to their proper relations to the Union, which plan expresses the sense of Congress upon that subject, and which plan is now thought fit to lay before the people for their consideration;"

By what authority of the Constitution? In what forms? The result to be declared by whom? With what effect when ascertained?

Is it to be a law by the approval of the people without the approval of Congress, at the will of the President?

Will the President, on his opinion of the popular approval, execute it as a law?

Or is this merely a device to avoid the serious responsibility of defeating a law on which so many loyal hearts reposed for security?

But the reasons now assigned for not approving the bill are full of ominous significance.

The President proceeds:

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known, that, while I am (as I was in December last, when by proclamation I proposed a plan for restoration) unprepared, by a formal approval of this bill, to be individually committed to any single plan of restoration"—

That is to say, the President is resolved that the people shall not *lay* nor take *any* securities from the rebel States against a renewal of the rebellion, before restoring their power to govern us.

His wisdom and prudence are to be our sufficient guarantees!

He further says:

"And, while I am also unprepared to declare that the Free State Constitutions and governments already adopted and installed in Arkansas and Louisiana shall be not alone held and held for enough, they properly represent the loyal citizens who have set up the same as to further effort—"

That is to say, the President persists in recognizing those shadows of governments in Arkansas and Louisiana, which Congress formally declared should not be recognized—whose Representatives and Senators were rejected by formal votes of both Houses of Congress—which it was declared formally should have no electoral vote for President and Vice-President.

They are the mere creatures of his will. They cannot live a day without his support. They are mere oligarchies, imposed on the people by military orders under the forms of election, at which generals, provost-marshals, soldiers and camp-followers were the chief actors, assisted by a handful of resident citizens, and urged on to premature action by private letters from the President.

In neither Louisiana nor Arkansas, before Banks's defeat, did the United States control half the territory or half the population. In Louisiana, Gen. Banks's proclamation candidly declared: "*The fundamental law of the State is nothing.*"

On that foundation of freedom, he erected what the President calls "the free Constitution and government of Louisiana."

But, all the same, whose fundamental law was martial law, only sixteen parishes out of forty-eight parishes were held by the United States; and in five of the sixteen we held only our camps.

Of the eleven parishes we substantially held had 233,185 inhabitants, the residue of the State not held by us, 575, 617.

At the farce called an election, the officers of Gen Banks returned that 11,346 ballots were cast, but when the vote of the people of the United States have no legal assurance that it is probable that 4,400 were cast by [illegible] of the United States military or municipal, but none according to law, by the people of Louisiana, and 7,000 ballots represent the State of Louisiana.

Such is the free Constitution and government of Louisiana; and like it is that of Arkansas. Nothing but the bayonet keeps the people of the Federal Government in of a like one in the swamps of Florida; and before the Presidential election, like ones may be organized in every rebel State where the United States have a camp.

The President, by preventing this bill from becoming a law, holds the electoral votes of the Rebel States at the dictation of his personal ambition.

If those votes are cast in the balance in his favor, it is to be supposed that his competitor, defeated by such means, will acquiesce?

If the rebel majority assert their supremacy in those States, and vote against the rebel-slayer an enemy of the government, will we not repel his claims?

And is not that civil war for the Presidency, inaugurated by the votes of Rebel States?

Secondly, we disagree with these Congress, Congress, "*the proper constitutional authority*," formally declares that there are no State governments in the Rebel States, and provided for their erection at a proper time, and the Senate and the House of Representatives rejected the Senators and Representatives chosen under the authority of what the President calls the Free Constitution and government of Arkansas.

The President's proclamation "*holds for naught*" this judgment, and discards the authority of the Supreme Court, and strides headlong toward the anarchy his proclamation of the 8th of December inaugurated.

If electors for President be allowed to be chosen in either of those States, a sinister light will be cast on the motives which induced the President to "hold for naught" the votes of those States rather than his government in Louisiana and Arkansas.

That judgment of Congress which the President defies was the exercise of an authority exclusively vested in Congress by the Constitution, to determine what is the established government in a State, and in its own nature and by the highest judicial authority binding on all other departments of the government.

The Supreme Court has formally declared that under the 4th section of the IVth article of the Constitution, requiring the United States to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, "*it rests with Congress to decide what government is the established one in a State*"; and "*when Senators and Representatives of a State are admitted into* the councils of the Union, the *authority* of the *government which sends them is thus recognized*, as well as that it is a republican character, *is recognized by the proper constitutional authority, and its decision is binding on every other department of the government*, and could not be questioned in any other quarter without a usurpation. It is true that during the matter is not said; and, as no Senators or Representatives were elected under the authority of the government of which Mr. Dorr was the head, Congress was not called upon to decide the controversy. It did not decide it, but it could have done so.

Even the President's proclamation of the 8th of December, formally declares that "Whether members sent to Congress from any State shall be admitted to seat, constitutionally rests exclusively with the respective Houses, and not to any extent with the Executive."

And that is not the less true because wholly inconsistent with the President's assumption in that proclamation of a right to institute and recognize State governments in the rebel States, nor because the President is unable to perceive that his recognition is a nullity if it be not conclusive on Congress.

Under the Constitution, the right to Senators and Representatives is inseparable from a State government.

If there be a State government, the right is absolute.

If there be no State government, there can be Senators or Representatives chosen.

The two Houses of Congress are expressly declared to be the sole judges of their own members.

When Senators and Representatives are admitted, the State government, under whose authority they were chosen, is conclusively established; when they are rejected, its existence is as conclusively rejected and nullified; and to this judgment the President is bound to submit.

The President proceeds to express his unwillingness "to declare a constitutional competency in Congress to recognize any State in States" as another reason for not signing the bill.

But the bill nowhere proposes to abolish slavery in States.

The bill did provide that all *slaves* in the rebel States should be *manumitted*.

But as the President had already signed three bills manumitting several classes of slaves in States, it is not conceived possible that he entertained any scruples touching that provision of the bill respecting which he is silent.

He had already himself assumed a right by proclamation to free much the larger number of slaves in rebel States under the authority given him by Congress to use military force to suppress the rebellion; and it is quite inconceivable that the President should think Congress could vest in him a discretion it could not exercise itself.

It is but the merest trifling from the fact that, except in respect to a small part of Virginia and Louisiana, the bill covered only what the proclamation covered—and that Congress could not and judicial remedies by law to the disputed title under the proclamation, and perfected the work the President professed to be so anxious to accomplish.

Slavery as an institution can be abolished only by change of the Constitution of the United States or of the law of the State; and this is the principle of the bill.

It required the new Constitution of the State to provide for that prohibition; and the President, in the face of his own proclamation, does not venture to object to insisting on *that* condition. Nor will the country tolerate its abandonment—yet he defeated the only provision imposing it!!

But when he describes himself, in spite of this great blow at emancipation, as "sincerely hoping and expecting that a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery throughout the nation may be adopted," we curiously inquire on what his expectation rests, after the vote of the House of Representatives at the recent session, and in the face of the political complexion of more than enough of the States to prevent the possibility of its adoption within any reasonable time; and why he did not indulge his sincere hopes with so large an installment of the blessing as his approval of the bill would have secured.

After this assignment of his reasons for preventing the bill from becoming a law, the President proceeds to declare his purpose to *execute it as a law by his plenary dictatorial power*.

He says:

"Nevertheless, I am fully satisfied with the system for emancipation contained in the bill, save very proper plan for the loyal people of any State choosing to adopt it; and that any such plan would be entitled to, prepared to give the executive aid and assistance to any such people, so soon as the military resistance to the United States shall have been sufficiently removed in the State, and the people thereof shall have sufficiently returned to their allegiance to the Constitution and the laws of the United States; in which cases Military Governors will be appointed, with directions to proceed according to the bill."

A more studied outrage on the legislative authority of the people has never been perpetrated.

Congress passed a bill; the President refused to approve it, and then by proclamation puts as much of it in force as he sees fit, and proposes to execute those parts by officers unknown to the laws of the

United States, and not subject to the confirmation of the Senate!

The bill directed the appointment of Provisional Governors by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

The President, after defeating the law, proposes to appoint without law, and without the advice and consent of the Senate, *Military Governors* for the rebel States!

He has already exercised this dictatorial usurpation in Louisiana, and he defeated the bill to prevent the usurpation.

Henceforth we must regard the following precedent as the Presidential law of the rebel States:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 20, 1864.

"*Sir*: Reposing trust in your patriotism, integrity, and ability, I appoint you MILITARY GOVERNOR of *Louisiana*.

"Given under my hand and seal, hereby invested with the powers appertaining to the office of Military Governor of Louisiana.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

This Michael Hahn is no officer of the United States; the President, without law, without the advice and consent of the Senate, has private parties appointed over unelected counterpoised by the Secretary of State, makes him Dictator of Louisiana!

The bill provided for the civil administration of the laws of the State—bill it should be in a fit temper to govern itself—repealing all laws recognizing slavery, and making all men equal before the law.

These benificent provisions the President has annulled. People will die, and marry and transfer property, and buy and sell; and to these acts of civil life courts and officers of the law are necessary; Congress legislated for these necessary things, and the President deprives them of the protection of the law!

The President's purpose to instruct his Military Governors "to proceed according to the bill"—as makes bait to calm the disappointment its defeat has occasioned—is not merely a grave usurpation but a transparent delusion.

He cannot "proceed according to the bill" after preventing it from becoming a law.

Whatever is done will be at his will and pleasure, by persons responsible only to him, and more interested to secure the interests and execute the will of the President than of the people; and the will of Congress is to be "*held for naught*," unless the loyal people of the rebel States choose to adopt it.

If they should graciously prefer the stringent bill to the easy proclamation, still the registration will be made under no legal sanction; it will give no assurance that a majority of the people of the States have taken the oath; if administered, it will be without legal authority, and void; no indictment will lie for false swearing at the election; no officer will be chosen or rejecting good votes; it will be the farce of Louisiana and Arkansas acted over again, under the forms of this bill, but not by authority of *law*.

But when we come to the guarantees of future peace which Congress meant to enact, in the forms, as well as the substance of the bill, must yield to the President's will that *none* shall be *imposed*.

It was the solemn resolve of Congress to protect the loyal men of the nation against three great dangers, (1) the return to power of the guilty leaders of the rebellion, (2) the continuance of slavery, and (3) the burden of the rebel debt.

Congress *required* assurance to these provisions by the Convention of the State; and if refused, it was to be dissolved.

The President "holds for naught" that resolve of Congress, because he is not willing "to be inflexibly committed to any one plan of restoration," and the people of the United States are not to be allowed to protect themselves unless their enemies agree to it.

The order to proceed according to the bill is therefore merely at the will of the Rebel States; and they have the option to reject it, accept the proclamation of the 8th of December, and demand the President's recognition!

Mark the contrast! The bill requires a majority, the proclamation is satisfied with one-tenth; the bill requires one oath, the proclamation another; the bill ascertains voters by registering, the proclamation by guess; the bill exacts the existing territorial limits, the proclamation admits of others; the bill governs the Rebel States *by law*, equalizing all before it, the proclamation commits them to the lawless discretion of military Governors and Provost Marshals; the bill forbids electors for President, the proclamation and defeat of the bill threatens us with civil war for the admission or exclusion of such votes; the bill excludes all rebels, and disarms enemies from power and the relief of the nation from the rebel debt, and the prohibition of slavery forever, so that the suppression of the rebellion will double our resources by the extinction of the rebel debt, free the masses from the old domination of the rebel leaders, and eradicate the cause of the war; the proclamation secures neither of these guaranties.

It is silent respecting the rebel debt and the political exclusion of rebel leaders; it only frees slaves exactly where it was by law at the outbreak of the rebellion, and therefore void.

The oath is to support all proclamations of the President during the rebellion having reference to slaves.

Any government is to be accepted at the hands of one-tenth of the people not contravening *that oath*.

Now that oath neither secures the abolition of slavery, nor adds any security to the freedom of the slaves the President declared free.

It does not secure the abolition of slavery; for the proclamation of freedom merely professed to free certain slaves while it recognized the institution.

Every Constitution of the rebel States at the outbreak of the rebellion was made void without the change of a letter; for none of them contravene that proclamation; none of them establish slavery.

It adds no security to the freedom of the slaves.

For their title is the proclamation of freedom.

If it be unconstitutional, an oath to support it is void. Whether constitutional or not, the oath is without authority of law, and therefore void.

If it be valid and observed, it secures no enactment by the State, either in law or Constitution, to add a State guaranty to the proclamation title; and the right of a slave to freedom is an open question before the State courts on the exclusive authority of the State law and the proclamation.

If the oath binds the one-tenth who take it, it is not enacted of the other nine-tenths who succeed to the control of the State government so that it is annulled instantly by the act of recognition.

What the State courts would say of the proclamation, who can doubt?

But the master would not go into court—he would seize his slave.

What the Supreme Court would say, who can tell?

When and how is the question to get there?

No habeas corpus lies for him in a United States Court; and the President defeated with this bill its extension of that writ to this case.

Such are the fruits of this rash and fatal act of the President—a blow at the friends of his Administration, at the rights of humanity, and at the principles of republican government.

The President has greatly presumed on the forbearance which the supporters of his Administration have so long practiced, in view of the ardnous conflict in which we are engaged, and the reckless ferocity of our political opponents.

But he must understand that our support is of a cause and not of a man; that the authority of Congress is paramount and must be respected; that the whole body of the Union men of Congress will not submit to be impeached by him of rash and unconstitutional legislation; and if he wishes our support, he must confine himself to his executive duties—to obey and execute, not make the laws—to suppress by arms armed rebellion, and leave political reorganization to Congress.

If the supporters of the government fail to insist on this, they become responsible for the usurpations which they fail to rebuke, and are justly liable to the indignation of the people whose rights and security, committed to their keeping, they sacrifice.

Let them consider the remedy for these usurpations, and, having found it, fearlessly execute it.

B. F. WADE, Chairman Senate Committee.
H. WINTER DAVIS, Chairman Committee House of Representatives on the Rebellious States.

GEN. BANKS'S PLANTATION SYSTEM REPUDIATED.

Washington, Aug. 5, 1864.—The Secretary of the Treasury has this day issued new regulations for the government of the freedmen. They are a practical republication of Gen. Banks's system, and an endorsement of that lately prevailing in the Mississippi valley. These regulations are to be carried into effect by the agents who have charge of the regulations concerning commercial intercourse with the rebel States. They embrace the following features:

Abandoned and confiscated lands, houses, and tenements, when required for public use, are to be appraised and delivered over for that purpose, while provision is made for the sale of the remainder.

In such special agencies, one or more places, to be known as Freedmen's Home Colonies, are to be established.

A superintendent of Freedmen will be appointed for each of the Colonies. The Freedmen are classified, and the minimum rate of wages of No. 1 males to be $25 per month; No. 2, $20; No. 3, $15; Nos. 1, 2 and 3, females, $10, $14 and $10. These rates shall not restrict mechanics and others from contracting for higher wages if they can do so.

Written agreements may be made between employees and employers on certain conditions, and an interest in the profits of the labor may be given instead of wages. Provision is made for the care of aged and infirm Freedmen.

Any association, or combination of associations, desiring to improve the condition of Freedmen will have assigned to them such abandoned lands and such freedmen's Home Colonies as they may desire and as they can give satisfactory assurance of their ability to provide for the Secretary of the Treasury reserving the right to revoke or modify this regulation whenever, in his judgment, the public interests will be promoted by such action.

Schools are to be established within these Homes and Labor Colonies sufficient for the education of all children under the age 12 years, and penalties are prescribed for ill-usage of freedmen.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

WHAT MUST GO BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION.

THE question as to how the institutions of the Nation are to be rearranged after the War shall be at an end is one which must, of necessity, cause much anxious reflection to all thinking and honest men, and it is one that must, as necessarily, meet with different answers according to the temperament, the intelligence and the standpoint of the different observers. It is no wonder that it excites the most eager controversies, and that men's minds are deeply moved and diversely effected by the discussion. The Copperhead wing of the rebels, encamped in the midst of every city and every village, have a steadfast hope that the war will have had no result, when it is over, besides the lives and the gold it has devoured. They trust that things will be as they were before, that the supremacy of slavery will be reestablished, and they will revel again in the crumbs which will fall from the table of their masters. Thoughtful men, who have accepted this dreadful conflict as the bloody but inevitable purgation of the Nation from its sins towards the slave, shudder at this prospect and feel around after some sure way of escape from it, if haply they may find it. Almost every one has some favorite scheme which would seem to provide for every emergency and guard against every danger. Unhappily, there is no unity of plan among men of unquestionable loyalty, which is synonymous with a settled determination to extirpate slavery, as to how the settlement is to be finally made which shall kill slavery, leaving freedom alive, so as to secure the right of self-government with the certainty that it will not be used to continue or to revive the fatal and guilty cause of all our woes. And the danger is that these dissensions will lead to serious defections and schisms in the party of Freedom, which shall endanger its prevailing at the next election and perhaps result in the success of her deadliest enemy. For we presume that none of the bitterest opponents of the present Administration, however grounded their opposition in reason or conscience, would wish to see McClellan, or whoever may be the Copperhead candidate, placed at the head of the Nation. It would not be flying from ills we have to those we know not of, but to such as we can very clearly discern to be the inevitable consequence of such a calamity.

One of the most pregnant symptoms of this danger is to be seen in the paper put forth by the Hon. Messrs. Wade and Winter Davis in bitter rebuke and condemnation of the President's proclamation giving his reasons for not signing the bill for "guaranteeing to certain States, whose governments have been usurped, a republican form of government." We certainly shared in the general regret that that bill was not permitted to become a law. It seemed to us excellently well devised for the triple purpose it had in view: 1, to extirpate slavery forever in a way that could be open to no constitutional cavils; 2, to secure us from the otherwise inevitable disgrace, in the event of a reconstruction, of the return to the National councils of red-handed traitors; and 3, to in addition to our own, as a bribe to traitors to come back and govern us. We regret as much as Messrs. Wade and Davis that this law has not been recorded on the Statute Book and made the key which is to solve the difficult enigma that awaits us. But while we commend Congress for having looked this question in the face and provided the best settlement of it that they could devise, we must also remember that the President is a coördinate branch of the government, and that he had the same constitutional right to withhold his consent from the bill, or to interpose his veto, as the Senate and House had to consent to it. If he deemed, for any reason seeming sufficient to him, that it ought not to become a law, it was as much his duty to hinder its becoming such, as it was that of Messrs. Wade and Davis to secure its passage, holding the opinions that they did on the matter. Whether he was wise and judicious in his decision is a question open to all men's consideration and judgment, but his constitutional right and duty in the premises is as clear as the right and duty of the Senate and the House. And here we would interpose the criticism that the House and the Senate are thus far to blame for their own disappointment, inasmuch as they left this most important measure to the very end of the session, so as to leave the President no opportunity to return the bill with his objections and themselves none of passing it over his head. Or, if the Copperhead minority in the House were too strong to make this likely, some modification might have been devised which would have obviated the President's objections and left this most delicate matter in better practical shape than it is now in. Such Procrastination may prove the Thief not only of Time, but of Futurity as well.

But while we use our right of private judgment in thinking Mr. Lincoln wrong in standing in the way of so wholesome a measure, we can see some of the difficulties, which he had provided for himself, indeed, but which he could not overlook, which moved him to the step. By his Amnesty proclamation he had pledged himself to the portions of the rebel States within reach of his protection that they might organize themselves for self-government, under certain conditions, whenever one-tenth of the population at the time of the last election, if our memory is not at fault, were ready to consent to them. Now two States, Louisiana and Arkansas, had consented to his terms and entered into some sort of political autonomy. He still holding, undoubtedly, that his policy was wise and his action constitutional, under the temporary Dictatorship arising out of military necessity, it was hardly to be expected that he should, without ceremony, unmake these creatures of his power by signing their death-warrant in the Bill for reestablishing Republican governments. We do not think that his policy was wise or his action constitutional, in thus putting the control of the rebel States, without the consent of Congress, or with it, into the hands of so small a fraction of their population, in the exercise of his despotic authority as Commander-in-Chief. That authority is supreme for the purpose of putting down the rebellion, but not for providing for the political reconstruction which is to follow its suppression, and which can have no effectual prevalence until it has been suppressed. But though this is our opinion, an opinion shared, we imagine, by a large proportion of Mr. Lincoln's warmest friends, it is not his. And his decision was to be governed not by our opinion, nor by that of Congress, nor yet of the Northern public, but by his own sense of right and duty. We believe that his motives in the Amnesty Proclamation were sincere and honest, however mistaken they may have been and however unfortunate their result. He thought thus to form a nucleus around which the loyalty which it was fondly dreamed existed beyond the picket lines would gather and destroy the predominant treason by a process of elimination. If the experiment has had any success it has been in showing that no such loyal feeling exists, and that an Emancipationist by force of arms is only a disguised Slaveholder, eagerly watching his opportunity to throw off his mask and be himself again. But having committed himself to these men, and still holding that he did so lawfully, we can easily see how he should look upon it as a breach of faith towards them to undo all that he had done by a stroke of the pen at the bottom of this bill. The imputation that the President has rejected this bill for the purpose of "holding the electoral votes of these States at the dictation of his personal ambition," is one that will have small effect except in making more intense the hatred which his opponents already feel. It is too clearly the utterance of political or personal passion to affect impartial minds. Indeed, the whole paper is tinged by a violence of language and bitterness of spirit which must prevent the effect on the public mind which it was meant to have, and which a calmer and more judicial statement might have produced.

But, although we cannot refrain from speculating as to what is to come after the Rebellion is suppressed, we must all remember that that important preliminary is not yet obtained. There may be no harm in discussing what use we shall put the bear's skin for, when we shall have killed the bear, provided it does not divert us from vigorously following up the chase. There is a nearer duty than indulging in these schemes for the future. And that is the one that lies immediately before us in the present. And that duty divides itself into two branches, to beat the rebels in the field, and, 2, to beat Copperheads at the polls. If we do not do these things we shall have no material to reconstruction out of. Should Lee be able to Grant from before Richmond, and should Sherman fail before Atlanta—neither of which is probable—we all do our duty—the end of the war will be begun, but it will not be the end for which we have been fighting. It will be an end won by arms in spite of a Republican success, in such case, which will be gained by diplomacy in case of a Copperhead victory. We do not believe that any terms that Vallandigham and the Woods could devise would win the rebels back to the Union and the Democratic party. We have too good an opinion of them, yet, to believe that. The heart's desire of the Copperheads is, of course, to govern the country forever by the help of the slaveholders, and there is no baseness that they will not stoop to for that end. But the slaveholders are too wise in their generation, and their passions are too fiercely stirred to listen to the charming of such charmers. They will insist on Recognition, should they exist in force until a Copperhead President comes into power. And Recognition they will be sure to have at his hands. What must take precedence of all plans of Reconstruction, then, is the furnishing the Nation with men and with money—by sending to the field the half million soldiers called for and by putting our money, if we have any, into the public funds. It is to this done, the heavens and nations of the earth are coming to the help of the Right, it will prevail mightily. Should we fail in this duty, or, performing it, if we permit an ally of the rebels to gain the headship of the Nation, all our schemes of Reconstruction will be but such stuff as dreams are made of—for there will be nothing left for us to reconstruct.

"CASTE IN THE CHURCH."

EXPLANATORY NOTE FROM DR. CURRY.

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL, 200 Mulberry street, New York, Aug. 9, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN your paper of the 6th inst., in your reference to the organization of the Delaware Conference of the Methodist E. Church (colored), you do a great, though doubtless undesigned, injustice to our Church authorities by designating it a case of "Caste in the Church." Acquaintance with a single fact in our Church economy will satisfy you that this business has nothing to do with the "caste" or "color" of the persons composing the new Conference. We have two kinds of Annual Conferences—the ordinary ones and those one in Germany, one in India, one in Liberia, and there are or have been one or more in the far West. Being usually very small in numbers and imperfect in organization, as well as needing large pecuniary assistance, they are placed temporarily in a state of modified pupilage, having most of the rights of the other Annual Conferences, but not all. The scholarly gentlemen who are found in the German or the India Mission Conference (white Americans) are not reckoned as degraded in *caste* by the ecclesiastical position they occupy, and yet they hold precisely the same relations with the members of the Delaware (colored) Conference.

The question, whether or not to make these Conferences Missionary or ordinary, was freely discussed in the late General Conference, when as good Abolitionists as were in the body favored the action that prevailed. As far as I have learned, the colored preachers uniformly approved of it. At the proper time it is expected that either these Conferences will be endowed with the full power of regular Annual Conferences, or, what I think would be better, that their members will be absorbed by the now existing (white) Conferences. Would it not be well for us, who are laboring together in the great work of practically emancipating our colored brethren, to spend as little as possible in mutual antagonisms and criminations? And further, receive from me, who claim to be entitled to speak on this subject, the assurance, that never on this Western Continent, nor in the world, has there been a more thorough and straight-out anti-slavery body than the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church—a body that honestly reflected the sentiments of its constituency—that is, the whole Church.

Yours, truly, DANIEL CURRY,
Editor Christian Advocate and Journal.

We publish Dr. Curry's explanation with great pleasure, being sure, from his well-known anti-slavery character, that he would not knowingly palliate the sin of caste in the Church of which he is at it literally member and minister. The revolution in the M. E. Church since the time when *The Christian Advocate and Journal* was an apologist for slavery and the bitter opponent of immediate emancipation, and when in some quarters preachers were required, on peril of losing their standing in the Church, to pledge themselves not to agitate the subject of slavery, is one of the most cheering events of the time, for which we are profoundly grateful to God. We trust the good work will go on until the spirit of slavery and caste is completely removed from the heart of every member of that large and influential denomination.—*Editor.*

THE WASHINGTON WILKS TESTIMONIAL.

EMANCIPATION SOCIETY, OFFICE 65 FLEET ST., LONDON, 30th July, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: The Committee of the Washington Wilks Testimonial would feel greatly obliged by the insertion of the inclosed letter from that estimable man and true patriot, Judge Winter of Georgia. If any of your readers feel disposed to imitate so good an example, or to assist the fund in any other way, I hope they will kindly forward their contributions to Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, editor of *The Liberator*, Boston.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,
F. W. CHESSON, Hon. Sec'y.

JUDGE WINTER'S LETTER.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, CHESTER, ENGLAND, July 15, 1864.

To WILLIAM HARDEWLAVE, *Esq., Treasurer, and* F. W. CHESSON, *Esq., Honorable Secretary, Wilks Testimonial Fund, 65 Fleet street, E. C. London.*

GENTLEMEN: I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your favor of the 7th inst., asking my aid in making contribution to the Testimonial Fund of our lamented, worthy, and most eloquent friend, the late Congressman Washington Wilks; and I thank you sincerely for not forgetting one so humble as myself in your efforts to give practical proof of an affection for the man by liberal contributions in aid of those who were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and who of all the earth were, during his brief existence, nearest and dearest to one of the greatest hearts that ever throbbed in the bosom of any human creature. Would that I were Croesus, that I might contribute all that is needed in aid of those who are so suddenly deprived of the aid and comfort which, whilst living, his genius enabled him so freely to bestow, but which is lost to them forever on earth.

Out of my limited means you may set me down for ten pounds per annum so long as I am spared; and when to me time is no more forever, I shall not forget to provide a bearing annuity for his family until his youngest child shall come of age, unless I neglect to make a will.

Beyond all Englishmen who have lived in the nineteenth century, Mr. Wilks is entitled to the gratitude of every true American who loves his country, and is true to the flag and Constitution established by his fathers, for his courageous, eloquent, unintermitted, and persistent efforts in enlightening the British mind as to the true bearing of the American question.

Under these feelings of gratitude, as an American citizen, I offer my mite in aid of the widow and orphans; and may your efforts in their behalf never cease until the irreparable loss of his personal presence will not be aggravated by the pinchings of pitiless poverty.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Most respectfully your very obliged,
JOHN C. WINTER, of Georgia.

FIRST OF AUGUST AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE first of August was celebrated in Washington by a picnic, given by the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association to the schools under their charge and those connected therewith, in that city. The teachers and scholars of other associations were invited to participate. All needed facilities of transportation being given by the railroad cars of Mr. Harlan, the party met at a common centre, and, forming a procession, moved through Georgetown to the place of meeting, which was in a grove not far from that city. The idea of a black procession, in holiday dress, with a black band playing and United States flags flying, marching through the slaveholders' city of Georgetown, was a thing before unheard of. Secesh looked on in amazed astonishment at copperheads boiled over—though quietly. "What does this mean?" was the question every now and then asked. "It means," was the reply, "that this is the 1st of August, the anniversary of emancipation in the West Indies; this procession is made up of schools established by the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Association; they are going to the country to have a holiday; to eat ice cream and cake; to hear good words of cheer and encouragement; to sing and dance and play, and have a good time generally." Secesh makes no rejoinder, but his looks say, despairingly, "Has it come to this?" Loyalty, however, is delighted, and every here and there you hear people saying: "This is right; this is just as it should be. These associations are doing great good. Look at that procession! See how neat all are dressed! How decorously all behave! How happiness beams in every face! Yesterday these people were slaves; to-day they are freemen! What a metamorphosis! There is hope of the country. Emancipation furnishes its own justification."

The procession reached the ground about 11 o'clock. At about 12—time having been allowed for a little relaxation and the expenditure of some of the surplus juvenile exuberance—the schools were assembled in proper order around the platform, to listen to addresses and other exercises, which were to be the order of the day. J. M. McKIM, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Association, presided and made a speech. He told the people who it was that gave this entertainment; why it was given; and why this particular day had been chosen for the purpose. This day, he said, was the anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies. This day, 30 years ago, 800,000 slaves were instantly set free. Ever since then the Abolitionists and the colored people of the North had kept the 1st of August as a holiday. It used to be called the black man's Fourth of July. Until lately, the black man had no part in the 4th of July. That was Independence day for the white man, but not for the black man. Now, thank God! things are changed. We have had the Proclamation of Freedom; black men are admitted to the armies; black men wear the United States uniform. On the last National Anniversary, thirty weeks ago, black men celebrated the 4th of July in the President's grounds in the city of Washington!

The object of this pic nic, the speaker went on to say, was to give pleasure and to do good. It was to interest children, parents, friends, and all, in the work of education. These refreshments, so abundantly provided, are outward signs of an inward feeling on the part of the friends of the Freedmen. They show the good-will that is cherished toward the colored people, and warrant the demand which is made for their good-will and coöperation.

The Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief, the speaker said, is only one of the many associations that are engaged in this work. There are two other associations in Philadelphia, equally zealous and equally entitled to your confidence. Then there is the New York Freedmen's Association, and the Boston Association, and others, all actuated by a common spirit, and all entitled to your equal respect.

Mr. McKim was followed by the Rev. Mr. Hinton, a colored minister, who delivered an earnest and appropriate address. He thanked God for this day. He called upon the people to thank God for what was being done for them. He rejoiced in these schools; he rejoiced in these efforts to elevate the down-trodden. He was grateful to these teachers, and these associations, and to the President of the United States, for all they were doing, and he thanked God for it all. He called upon the people to do their part, and upon his brethren in the Church to do all they could to hold up the hands and encourage the hearts of those who were laboring for their benefit.

Between, and after these speeches, there was music from the band, and singing of hymns and patriotic songs by the schools, separately and in unison; and, in addition to all these, were recitations in poetry from a number of the more forward of the pupils, showing their proficiency and the skill and diligence with which they had been taught.

After this—the intellectual part of the entertainment—came the material. Provision had been made for upwards of a thousand people, and upwards of a thousand partook. There was enough and to spare for all. There was no scrambling, no disorder. Everything was done decently and in order.

After the refreshments, a place was cleared for dancing. The band took the platform, and, laying aside their brass instruments, commenced tuning their instruments with strings. Soon a quadrille was made up chiefly of young men and women, brought up, or who had long lived in Washington and that neighborhood—and better dancing one rarely sees. The time was perfect; there was no exaggeration—no extravagance of movement. The music was good, and the dancers moved to its inspiration. The lookers-on enjoyed it almost as much as the actors. They kept the time with their head or feet, or both, and showed by every motion that they were for the time being in full possession of the music spirit. It was a pleasure to see them; a delight to witness their happiness. Joy beamed on every countenance; and they said to each other and to the teachers: "We never expected to see this day. Never before did we so enjoy ourselves."

At 6 o'clock the dancing ceased; the procession was re-formed, and all returned to their homes in safety as they came.

This was a happy holiday for the Freedmen at Washington, and a profitable one. It was money well spent and labor wisely bestowed. It will long be remembered with pleasure and gratitude. It will make the work of the teachers easier, and ensure for the associations, on the part of the colored people, a more hearty coöperation. ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

THE REBELLION RECORD, Part XLIII., completes the Documents of the War to Sept., 1863, and contains 16 pages of Rumors, Incidents, Poetry, etc. The portraits of the number are those of Brigadier-Generals W. B. Hazen and O. W. Wilcox.

The "Companion Volume," containing important and valuable articles not embraced in the Record, is now ready. It is illustrated with portraits of John Bright, W. H. Seward, Charles Sumner, Richard Cobden, and others.

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SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ., At Abington, Mass., Aug. 1, 1864.

THE First of August, the Anniversary of West India Emancipation, was celebrated by the people of Abington, Mass., who assembled in large numbers for that purpose in the beautiful "Island Grove" in that town, attracted chiefly by the expectation of listening to that eloquent champion of liberty, GEORGE THOMPSON, LL.D.

The Hon. LEVI REED presided, and, an accident having prevented the arrival of Mr. Thompson before 3 o'clock, the earlier part of the day was occupied with addresses by Edwin Thompson, Rev. Mr. Hatch of Concord, N. H., Mrs. Van Benthuysen, Rev. Mr. Hewett of South Weymouth, and Rev. L. A Sawyer of Boston.

Mr. THOMPSON, on his arrival, was introduced by the Chairman in a very pertinent address. In the course of which he alluded to Mr. T.'s visit to the same town, in 1835, for the purpose of delivering an anti-slavery address, and to the unsuccessful efforts of the apologists, for slavery to break up the meeting. The character of the town, he said, was well vindicated on that day. Stalwart men stood ready to maintain peace and order by force, if necessary, and the address was delivered, and not so much as a dog wagged his tail in opposition. That was the last address delivered by Mr. Thompson during his first visit to America. But, sir (said Mr. Reed, addressing Mr. T.), the people of Abington have assembled to welcome you here on the first of August, 1864, the thirtieth anniversary of British Emancipation. Nearly one-third of a century has elapsed since you last spoke here, but the same love of liberty and equal rights still burns in our hearts now as then. In their name and in their behalf, I now bid you welcome. I welcome you to a country where universal emancipation has been proclaimed and where we hope soon to see it an accomplished fact. I welcome you to the healthful skies and verdant fields of New England. I bid you welcome, thrice welcome, to the good old town of Abington where the people are more than ready to efface all memory of past wrongs by a cordial reception to-day. I welcome you in the belief that soon every slave in the land shall stand "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible Genius of Universal Emancipation" (loud applause).

Speech of Mr. Thompson.

Mr. THOMPSON, after explaining the circumstances by which his arrival at an earlier hour had been prevented, proceeded as follows:

Sir, I well remember that meeting to which you have referred in the good town of Abington. At that meeting, I made the last speech which I delivered in the United States during my first visit to this country; for immediately after the delivery of that speech, it was thought by my friends that I should become conspicuous by my absence, and on my own native shores seek that safety which they could not promise me here. I recollect well that at that meeting I ventured to prophesy that the children of those who were descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, though they detested me, loathed me, and were about to spew me out—and they did so—would yet overcome their repugnance to anti-slavery principles, and that I should live to see Massachusetts standing upon those principles and battling for their maintenance (applause).

My friends, I *have* lived to see that day. Driven out of your country in 1835, obliged to depart from the city of Boston when the church bells had ceased to be rung, and the congregations were assembled in the many Christian temples of the metropolis of New York; carried down—smuggled down, rather—to the wharf in a close carriage, with the blinds drawn down, hastily put on board ship, and told to go at once into the cabin and be invisible until I had got out of sight of the shores of the United States of America—departing thence, and in this way, in 1835—loathed, scorned, and the outlaw of America—I return in 1864; and how different my reception! I return in a brig of about 150 tons; I return in a magnificent steamer of about 2,000 tons. The stately vessel comes alongside the wharf at East Boston, and three gentlemen step on board, who introduce themselves as officers of the customs, and assure me that I shall be put to no trouble in the way of an examination of my baggage, that a carriage is waiting to carry me to my lodgings, and that they shall be glad to render me any assistance in their power. Not this alone, but in a few days, in the magnificent Music Hall in Boston, the Governor, the thrice noble Governor of this State, welcomes me to the Old Bay State, as the guest of Massachusetts.

But, sir, to the business of this day. I am anxious to recall to the recollection of those who have read the history of our great emancipation movement in England, and to state for the information of those who have not read that history, one or two facts relating to it. I want you to go back to the time when the germ of that great movement which issued not only in the abolition of the slave trade, but in the abolition of slavery, first manifested itself.

In the year 1783, a humane man—the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge—announced a prize for the best Latin essay on the question, "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" A young man, then a student in one of the colleges, entered into the competition. He construed the words of the thesis into a reference to the African slave trade, and resolved to prepare his essay accordingly. He was wholly ignorant on the subject, and had but a few weeks for the accomplishment of his task. He gained access to the manuscript of a deceased slave-trader, and held conversations with some officers who had been in the West Indies. By accident he saw an advertisement of Anthony Benezet's "Historical Account of Guinea," and hastened to London to buy it. The contents were all he wanted, and he sat down to his work. That work he had entered upon as a contest for mechanical distinction, but he soon found it changed into a painful investigation into the character and details of an inhuman system, the curse of the world, and the scandal of his country. As he proceeded, his imagination was filled with horror, and his heart melted with pity; sleep fled from his eyes and tranquillity from his soul. He finished his essay, he read it in the Senate, he received the prize, and, with his manuscript in his pocket, he started for London, where he then describe what took place on the way: "I became at times seriously affected while upon the ro[illegible] by long exercises occasionally, and I frequently tried to persuade myself [illegible] that the contents of my essay could [illegible] The more, however, I reflected upon [illegible] upon the authorities on which they [illegible] the more I gave them [illegible] Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire, I sat di[illegible] on the turf by the roadside, and he[illegible] there a thought came into my mind [illegible] it was that in its influence and its consequences [illegible] that if the contents of my essay were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner I reached home." The man into whose mind that thought came was Thomas Clarkson—

"He was the foremost minister of grace,
The new Las Casas of a ruined race;
With angel might he braved the powers of hell,
And fought, like Michael, till the dragon fell."

There have been men connected with the cause which brings us here to-day, who have exhibited powers more brilliant than those of Mr. Clarkson, who was not distinguished as an orator, and never aspired to be a statesman; but for simplicity of character, for purity of motive, for disinterested benevolence, for earnestness of purpose and religious devotion to the God sent him help, he found it first amongst those A Dillwyn and a Phillips because he coadjutors, and in the publication of the essay which the Cambridge student had now translated. In time, a Parliamentary Committee was obtained, and it was the evidence collected by Mr. Clarkson, and laid before that Committee, which arrested the attention of Mr. Wilberforce, and secured to the cause the services of that illustrious orator and philanthropist. His eloquence (I quote the words of the eloquent Lord Brougham) was of the highest order. It was persuasive and pathetic in an eminent degree; but it was occasionally bold and impassioned, animated by the inspiration which deep feeling alone can breathe into spoken thought, chastened by a pure taste, varied by extensive information, enriched by classical allusions, sometimes elevated by the more sublime topics of Holy Writ, and thoughts

"That wrapt Isaiah's hallowed soul in fire."

Mr. Wilberforce was not without co-workers in the two Houses of Parliament. Amongst them were illustrious names—Viscount Howick (afterwards Earl Grey), Lord Henry Petty (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne), Lord Grenville, Lord Holland, Mr. Pitt and Edmund Burke.

The members of the Society of Friends in England were among the most zealous auxiliaries in the movement. They created a very wide and strong excitement in favor of the abolition of the slave trade. Yet, notwithstanding the religious and humane feelings of the community in Great Britain, and the deeply moved upon the question, and Parliament without number were, session after session, presented with petitions, presented in favor of the abolition of the inhuman traffic, still it had pleased God to protection of the Imperial Legislature, and continued for seven and twenty or eight and twenty years after Mr. Clarkson commenced his agitation. Charles James Fox, one of our greatest orators, entered into the administration; and while he had control of public affairs, he passed a bill through the House of Parliament, abolishing forever the African slave trade.

Those who had interested themselves in the revival of this opprobrium upon the character and Christianity of the country did not disband their forces, but in association, and went on in their efforts, the object procuring a mitigation of the evils of slavery in the West India colonies, and with the view of obtaining the passage of measures in Parliament which should promote the gradual abolition of slavery; but however wise and meant those efforts might have been, and they were most pure in their intention, they were unavolent in their design—they were wholly [illegible]. All their attempts to mitigate the evils of slavery were vain; all their attempts to alleviate the sufferings and burdens of the slave were vain; all their efforts to obtain resolutions or colonial laws looking to the extinction of slavery at some future time were fruitless. They were worse than vain. They irritated the prisoners. They led the planters in the West Indies to form colonial societies for the suppression of all anti-slavery operations, and for the banishment of all those who had been sent to the West Indies to instruct the juvenile negro population. They proceeded to outrage and violence. They burned down the chapels of the missionaries. They razed to their foundations the schools for the negro children. They threw one missionary into a dungeon on a false charge of incendiarism, and they left that dungeon to dismiss the martyr to the holy cause to which he had devoted himself. They sent several missionaries home after they had tarred and feathered and otherwise abused them. But they little thought what they were about. Like that madness which has seized upon the slaveholders of this continent, they were but precipitating the destruction both of themselves and the institution they desired to perpetuate. This act on the part of the West India planters and their myrmidons in the West India Islands only rendered the opposition to slavery in Great Britain the stronger and the more resolute; and in 1832, an event took place which greatly facilitated the attainment of the object which the Abolitionists had in view. That circumstance was the passage of a reform bill—a bill extending very considerably beyond the then basis of representation in England the franchise of the people. After that bill was passed, the Parliament had to be assembled. I (who had been for some years previously in the United Provinces of Northern America) went through the country again, from end to end, journeying as fast as locomotives—though there were but few railroads then—and post-chaises and gigs, and all other conveyances could transport me, with a view of arousing the newly enfranchised constituency to the duty they had now in discharge of consecrating their virgin franchise in the sacred cause of the abolition of slavery. I then appeals to the various constituencies of the United Kingdom, we sent into the first reform Parliament of Great Britain a majority of men pledged to the immediate, unconditional, and total abolition of slavery (applause).

That measure was passed in 1833. Mr. Garrison was in England while it was being discussed in the House of Commons. I was in the gallery of the House of Commons, I was in the gallery when the venerable William Wilberforce, a few weeks only before his death, but not unnerved, had received the assurance of the certainty of the great measure being carried; and it was our privilege to be witness of his ecstatic joy in the contemplation of the speedy accomplishment of the great work which he had commenced half a century of his life. It was our privilege to hear him say—"Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He was then upon the brink of the grave. A few weeks afterwards he died. His remains were brought to London; a public funeral was voted to him; a tomb was assigned him in the hallowed of all our cathedral edifices, Westminster Abbey, and Mr. Garrison and I followed in the long train of those who followed the remains of the body of William Wilberforce to his last resting-place, and, with thousands of the blood, with peers of the realm, with the highest commoners in the land, with the humblest citizens, in with a goodly number of that race to whose interest Mr. Wilberforce had devoted himself, we saw him that was mortal laid in the grave, between William Pitt and Charles James Fox.

"So sleep the good, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest;
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod;
By fortune nurtured, by her care
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

And I venture to say that the good man and great man who "still lives" to behold the germination and the fruition of that seed which through his labors, since he was a boy, he has been scattering over the land—I venture to predict that that good and great man, who has been the object of calumny and detraction and misrepresentation and persecution in this country like his predecessor, William Wilberforce, shall receive in this country a similar tribute to the sublime and exalted character of the cause of humanity; and as the memory of William Wilberforce is hallowed in England, so the name of William Lloyd Garrison will be cherished and embalmed in the affection and veneration of the people of America (loud applause).

The bill for emancipation took effect as your respected Chairman has told you, the first of August, 1834. To-day we are assembled on the first of August, 1864, to celebrate that passed away, and we have before us an abundant opportunity of determining what have been the results flowing from the great act that we have commemorated thirty years ago. As in this country in recent years, so in Great Britain in former years, there were numerous predictions of scenes of outrage and violence and desolation that would most certainly follow the emancipation of the negroes from their chains. Have any of these predictions been

dom in a more becoming manner, or celebrated it in a more Christian way. Well, thirty years have passed away since the slaves were emancipated, and what are they now? They are free men; exercising the liberty, the rights, the privileges and power of free men. Have they abused their liberty to the destruction or injury of their former oppressors? Have they relapsed into barbarism, and the usual vices and crimes imputed to barbarians? Have they slighted or misused their opportunities for the advancement of their material, moral, intellectual, or spiritual improvement? I think you will be able to answer. They are industrious peasants, and often the independent freeholders of cultivators, and are the liberal promoters of education. They are the liberal promoters of education. They are the devout members of Christian Churches. They are the liberal contributors of their own resources to the support and the various religious institutions of their country, and even send to the treasuries of Society in Great Britain their liberal contributions. There is no department of agricultural, commercial, mechanical, or political life, into which they have not entered, and in which they have not creditably distinguished themselves. Who, then, regrets emancipation? Who would go back to the old state of things? Everywhere, I will say, that for all the wealth ever drawn from the sugar fields of the West Indies, to swell the coffers of absentee slave proprietors, I would not go back to the 31st of July, 1834. Still speaking for myself, I will say, could we gain a similar end, by the same means, and with the like results, in Cuba and the United States, I would gladly see every rice, cotton, and tobacco plantation perish (applause).

What is the condition of the negro of the West Indies now? And while I am describing his condition, and looking back thirty years, I ask you to look thirty years before you; and what I describe the 800,000 human beings, made free in 1834, to be in 1864, I will undertake to say (and trust I may look down to see the realization of my prophecy) that you will witness on this continent thirty years hence, in the conduct and status of four million of your fellow-citizens in this part of the world. The negro in the West Indies can now vote for his representative in the Colonial Assembly, and may even aspire to a seat there himself. More than that, he has gained a place in the Legislature himself, and in that Assembly you will see white men and black men sitting together upon terms of absolute equality, and making laws for the colony in which they are all equal citizens. This is a proud day for the negro all over the world, and it is observed as such wherever there are negroes free to celebrate it. It encourages the negro still in bondage to look through his dungeon bars to the light beyond, and to anticipate the day when he too will trample on his rusting shackles, and stand erect and free.

So much for West India emancipation and its results. Now a word about emancipation in this country, and then I must and hope be excused if I resume my seat. What has been doing in this country for thirty years? Thirty years ago, this nation was in a condition of slumber on the question of slavery; to a great extent indifferent. One voice there was crying in the wilderness, but who heeded that voice? One newspaper there was, without subscribers, without patronage, and five thousand dollars were offered for the head of its editor by the State of Georgia; but, thanks to God, that voice whose watchful providence is over the instruments which he selects to accomplish his own purposes, that head still remains upon the shoulders of the man to whom it belongs, clear and bright as ever, exhibiting an intellect as sagacious, and connected with a heart as pure and as noble, as it was thirty years ago. Well, since then, anti-slavery seed has been sown. For ten years, it was sown without any apparent effect. There was no result to be seen in the awakening Churches; no in the action of the political parties of the country. So far from it, the Churches of the North were one with the Churches of the South in vindication of slavery, and in making apologies for it, even from the Bible itself. But after ten years, we find anti-slavery principles taking an outward and visible form, in the shape of political action. I know enough of Americans to know that they must see something tangible, something to the ballot-box, and always expected that when anti-slavery principles had obtained to any considerable extent, they would be exhibited in the form of political action; and so in 1840, although many Abolitionists, and many of the best Abolitionists in this country refused to vote, considering that they could neither act the part of voters, nor by their votes give their sanction to men in Congress for doing that which the Constitution called upon them to do, yet there were others, other high-minded and humane men, who said, "Let us give to our principles an open and manifest form"; and so in a village called Warsaw, in the State of New York, a Convention of a handful of Abolitionists nominated as a candidate for the Presidential chair a repentant slaveholder, who had emancipated his bondmen in Kentucky, had come North, had joined the Abolitionists, and had been for some years very active in the ranks. Well, how many votes were given for the first anti-slavery candidate that was ever presented to the constituency of America? Out of a million and three-quarters of qualified voters, Mr. James G. Birney had 7,300. That was the number in the Israel of that day who refused to bow down to the bloody Moloch of slavery in the Southern States. Four years went by; Mr. Birney was nominated. When he was nominated the first time, he was called the candidate of the Third party; when nominated the second time, he was the candidate of what was called the Liberty party.

Well, in 1848, Mr. Van Buren was nominated upon an anti-slavery platform—measurably so; looking just as far as the Constitution allowed the people to look, in those days, with the view of mitigating the evils of slavery; and by a union with the Barnburners of New York, 291,000 votes were obtained out of about two million of votes. Four years later, Mr. Hale was nominated as the candidate of the Free Soil party; but, there being no Barnburners to help the Abolitionists, the number sunk down to 156,000. Then, between 1852 and 1856, owing to the ceaseless aggressions of the South, to the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, to their repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to their invasion of Kansas, to the decision given in the case of Dred Scott, etc., the number of political anti-slavery men had swollen the number from 156,000, who were the supporters of Mr. Hale, to more than 1,300,000, who were the supporters of Fremont. You know that that same party continued its organization, and fought a successful battle in the next Presidential campaign; and in 1860, for the first time in the history of this country, as an independent nation, its government was changed from a government administered in the interest of slavery to a government administered in the spirit and in the interest of liberty (applause). You know what has been the result. Secession—secession even before Mr. Lincoln had his home in Illinois to proceed to Washington to take his inaugural oath. The secession commenced in the December, 1860, following the Presidential election in November, when South Carolina seceded, and between the 20th of December, 1860, and the 24th or 26th of February, 1861, seven States had seceded, had armed and elected a Congress, had chosen a President; and whereas there had been but one United States, one President, one Constitution, one Congress, one army, and one navy, your States were split in twain, and there was the spectacle presented to the world of a shattered empire, State at war with State, citizen with citizen, man with man, and even brother with brother. What has done this? Slavery! I take all the calamities in the aggregate that have befallen this nation during the last three years, and lay them to the account of slavery. Slavery has ever been the cause of whatever has troubled this nation, or seriously impaired its integrity. It has all along been a root of bitterness springing up to trouble us; always a fly in your pot of ointment, always a thorn upon your escutcheon; always a dark cloud in the horizon, threatening to overcast the skies, and bring glooms upon your country. Slavery has done this.

But, friends, I prefer to-day to leave matters with the journal, and which cannot be touched but at the awakening feelings of poignant regret and ask you to look upon that which has put in their false decks, and all the other hellish paraphernalia of the slave trade, proceeded to the coast of Africa, and plundered that unhappy continent of her children, and then set sail for Cuba or some other of the slave markets that disgrace this western part of the world. Now, all that is at an end; the New York of now is clear from this stain; and the government, to prove its detestation of slave-trading, has executed a slave-trader upon a gibbet, and refused to extend to him the clemency which is the prerogative of the Chief Magistrate. And what of the internal slave trade?—a trade, in my judgment, almost as infamous as the African slave trade; that breeding of slaves in Virginia, Maryland, and the border States generally, for sale in the South. It is annihilated; and now, even if the Union should be restored with slavery in it, while the present laws of Congress stand, there can be no inter-State slave trade.

Then comes that glorious proclamation of the first of January, 1863, which will cause Mr. Lincoln's name to go down to posterity amongst those few consecrated names of men who have used human power for human good, and have contributed to the world that they were lifted by exercising the power it gave them in the cause of humanity.

I might come down, and recapitulate still other measures. For instance, that great measure of the enrolment of colored soldiers; so that at this hour, while I am speaking, 150,000 of this once despised race wear the United States uniform, receive the United States pay, and are serving under the United States in the South, and nobly devoting their blood and lives, if necessary, in the cause for which you are contending. And let me not forget one of the latest acts of your National Legislature—that erasure from the statute book of this country of that audacious and impious and execrable Fugitive Slave law. When I was last amongst you, all New England was a hunting-ground, over which two-legged wolves were always prowling for their prey. Kidnappers came up from the South, got their warrants endorsed by Commissioners here at the North, and dragged the fugitive slave, aye, even out of the sanctuaries of New England. That day is gone by. No more will the court-house of Boston be hung in chains; no more will such scenes be exhibited in the Puritan city of Boston as have been witnessed by some by whom I am surrounded to-day.

I have ventured, my friends, to tell you that these events have taken place. Now we have a history in common. You have had a glory all your own, and my country has had a glory all her own. You were first in the order of time. Your glory consisted in this: that in 1776 you published to the world your Declaration of Independence, and that Declaration asserted, as a self-evident truth, that God had created all men free and equal. That was your glory. That it was that made the expectant nations stand to catch by turns the torch that you had lighted. Our glory has consisted, for the last thirty years, not in the extent of our dominions, not in the invincible character of our arms, not in our unbounded wealth, nor our industrial arts—in nothing of this sort; but in this, that we did that which you declared to be right, but forgot to do. We recognized in acts what you had declared in words; and people have been wont to look upon our institutions as the character of the country of which I am a native and a subject is this—that thirty years ago she "unloosed the hands of wickedness, opened the prison doors," and sent Wilberforce up to heaven with the broken chains of nearly a million of slaves in his hands. And your glory will be hereafter, not so much in this, that you declared all men free and equal, but that, years after that Declaration was made, you put those words into practice, and confirmed the principle by which you had previously asserted as a self-evident truth.

My friends, my hope and prayer is that this great work may soon be absolutely accomplished. There is much remaining for you to do, and nothing should be considered as done while aught remains to be done. You yet have slaves amongst you; you yet have hosts of men who are battling for the defence of slavery, for the preservation and for the future establishment or re-establishment of slavery. You have got to subdue these domestic foes; you have got to uproot, to annihilate that Slave Oligarchy which has hitherto dominated over this nation; and when they shall have been swept from the face of the land, or rendered innocuous by the destruction of that slavery which they have hitherto lived only to support, from that moment you will commence a new and infinitely more glorious and illustrious history than that which belongs to you at present.

My friends, I esteem it a great privilege to be amongst you to-day, and to mingle my congratulations with yours at the prospects that lie before you. I thank you for the testimony that has been borne, through the lips of your Chairman, to the credit of my own country; and I thank him and you for the tribute you have been pleased to pay to me, as a very humble laborer in that work which was accomplished thirty years ago, or rather may, in taking my seat, I trust, you will soon be in a position to say throughout the country, to celebrate the utter destruction of slavery in your own country, so that through all coming time, England the mother and America the daughter may go hand in hand together in the great work of propagating throughout the world those sublime principles which lie at the foundation of public liberty, defence and freedom, and of the prosperity and glory of nations. Together may we go forth, conquering and to conquer, until the car of Liberty shall make the circuit of the globe, and grind to powder, beneath its triumphant wheels, every institution opposed either to the honor of God or the interests or liberty of men (loud applause).

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for July (L. Scott & Co.'s American Edition, 38 Walker st.) contains the following articles: Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, etc., Part VI.; The Education and Training of Naval Officers; Letters from the Principalities, No. II.; Tony Butler, Part X.; The Napoleonic Ideas in Mexico; The London Art Season; Padre Bandelli Proses to the Duke Ludovico Sforza about Leonardo da Vinci; Leonardo da Vinci Poetises to the Duke in his own Defence; The Perpetual Curate, Part XII.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

ATTACK ON MOBILE.

On Tuesday morning we had news (coming in the shape of a dispatch from the rebel commander at Mobile to the rebel Secretary of War, and sent to Gen. Cooper, Adjutant General at Richmond) that on Friday, the Admiral Farragut, with seventeen vessels (fourteen gunboats and three monitors), steamed up the mouth of Mobile Bay. Nearly all these ships passed the forts, and that an action ensued between the rebel fort and vessels and our fleet. The rebels report that Fort Morgan sunk one of our monitors; but on the other hand admit that their great ironclad ram, the Tennessee, was considered after a desperate engagement, in which Admiral Buchanan lost a leg and was taken prisoner. Beside this, the Selma was captured by our ironclads, and consequently the Morgan is reported safe and trying to escape. It was further reported by the rebel General that the Union fleet had approached the city, and was attacking other works; but its surrender or capture is not yet announced. Further intelligence is hourly expected. The utmost confidence is felt by the military authorities that the fleet will be a total wreck, and that the rebel city within a short time. Confidence is expressed that the report of the sinking of the Tecumseh will prove to be true, and that the Union fleet will have more guns in the rebel forts capable of penetrating her armor.

THE LATEST REBEL RAID.

The week has been prolific of rumors in regard to the movements of the rebel armies in the borders of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The latest news is of a defeat of the rebel forces in West Virginia—west of the Shenandoah, that is, on the Ohio side of the Alleghanies. McCausland and Bradley Johnson have been effectually dispersed, with loss of four guns and six hundred prisoners—one of their leaders barely escaping capture. The victory is regarded as of great importance to Gen. Sheridan's operations.

The four border departments have been consolidated and placed under Gen. Heintzelman. It is to be hoped that the confusion which lately prevailed in that region is at end, and that the rebels will be well taken care of.

FROM GEN. SHERMAN.

From Gen. Sherman's army we have the intelligence that Gen. Stoneman, on the 26th ult., sent a large force of cavalry, under command of Gen. McCook, to destroy the Macon and Western Railroad. They reached within 18 miles of the road, and then started to capture a rebel train of 500 wagons, going from Atlanta to Macon or Columbus. This latter portion of the design had not yet been attacked by a greatly superior force under Gen. Ransom, and, after a desperate engagement, were obliged to surrender. It is supposed that the rebels capured at least one thousand prisoners.

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It is understood that Gens. Meade and Burnside severally cast the blame of the last fiasco before Petersburg on each other. It seems that on the night before the attack, certain mouldmen were employed by Lieutenant Colonel Pleasants, the plan of assault, which had been agreed on with Gen. Burnside. The latter claims that this gave him the notion that "Gen. Meade would personally be present to superintend the attack; but the assault was that neither Meade nor Burnside were there, and an operation which, of all others, demands the personal presence, intelligence and inspiration of the leader of the army was left a helpless affair. The Court of Inquiry, now in session in the case, will, it is to be hoped, develop all the facts, and affix the blame where it properly belongs.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, who hails his coming as the harbinger of freedom."—Hon. R. Saward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.

COLORED SOLDIERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

To The Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I have been confined in Charleston Jail, S. C., in June last, as a prisoner of war, the following note was placed in my hands, and the accompanying list. Massachusetts Journals are requested to give them wide circulation. Respectfully yours,

AN EXCHANGED OFFICER.

New York, August 9, 1864.

SIR: I pen in behalf of my fellow-prisoners, earnestly hope and pray that this may be the means, through you, sir, of procuring our release. The privations of the white soldiers are nothing in comparison to ours, in our destitute condition. Some of us have no more friends, and in the enemy's hands, with an almost utter hopelessness of being released, and not having heard from our families or friends since we were captured.

LIST OF COLORED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS HELD AS PRISONERS OF WAR AT CHARLESTON, S. C., JUNE 13, 1864.

Corp. Ralph B. Gardener, Co. A, 54th Mass., captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.
James Allen, Co. A, 54th Mass., captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.
William H. Brown, Co. A, 54th Mass., captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.
Corp. Charles Hardy, Co. B, 54th Mass., captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.
Lemuel Blake, Co. B, 54th Mass., captured at James Island, July 14, 1863.
James Counsel, Co. B, 54th Mass., captured at James Island, July 14, 1863.
George Grant, captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.
Samuel Wilson. Jesse Brown.
William Rigsly. Alfred Green.
Daniel States. Cornelius Henson, Co. C.
Geo. F. Prosser, Co. D. Nathaniel Harley, Co. E.
Wm. Grover. Wm. Butler.
Jefferson Hills, Co. F. Geo. Mushroom.
John Green. George Thomas.
Charles Stanton, Co. G. Solomon Anderson.
Sergt. Walter A. Jeffries, Co. H, captured July 16, 1863, at James Island, S. C.
Corp. A. W. Hall, Co. H. Wm. H. Kirk, Co. H.
Wm. H. Worthington, Co. H.
John W. Dixon, Co. H, 54th Mass.
James Caldwell. Joseph Proctor.
John Leatherman. Enos Smith.
Wm. H. Harrison. Fred. Wallace.
Israel Williams.
Sergt. Alfred Whiting, Co. I, captured at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.
Sinart Woods. Baltimore Smith.
Joseph Beard, Co. K.
Sergeant Robt. Johnson, Jr., Co. F, 55th Mass., captured at N. Edisto Island, S. C., Nov. 12, 1864.
Edward Logan, Co. F, 55th Mass., captured at N. Edisto Island, S. C., Nov. 12, 1863.
Oren Brown, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.
Wm. Johnson, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.
Wm. Wilson, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.
Wm. Taylor, U. S. gunboat Isaac Smith, Feb., 1863.
James Mellet, U. S. frigate Wabash, captured at Fort Sumter.

The Editor of *The Tribune* says:

"The above list of 46 colored soldiers belonging to the 54th and 55th Massachusetts regiments, now held prisoners of war in Charleston, S. C., and not a single white officer of distinction, recently exchanged, and who had also been confined in Charleston. Of its author we know nothing, but we do know that the friends of these poor fellows, who have heard nothing of them for more than a year, will be greatly relieved to know that they are still alive. The number of our colored soldiers taken prisoners in the Department of the South during the last year is probably more than double the number here reported, but we doubt their fate is worse on account of this list being the only one possible, however, that there may be other survivors than those whose names are given in this list imprisoned in the Charleston penitentiary, some two miles in South Carolina. It is, at any rate, a relief to be assured that this number have been held as prisoners of war, and not summarily shot, or sold into slavery. In their case the barbarous policy announced by the rebel authorities is to be followed in regard to all colored men taken in arms has not been adhered to; and it is only by proof of such a case, if such proof can, if they will insist upon justice being done by all our soldiers, compel the rebels to grant it. It is unspeakably sad to contemplate the fate of retaliation, or sacrifice or enslavement, that these men owe it that they are held as prisoners of war. And now, it is for the government to say whether all negro troops who shall be taken by the rebels shall be assured of that measure of mercy."

THE SPIRIT OF SLAVERY—OBSTACLES TO RECRUITING.

A correspondent of the Louisville (Ky.) *Press*, writing from Clarksville, Tenn., says:

"Since the commencement of very successful recruiting of enlisted troops, but the business is not very flattering to the Government. The rebels on the other side of the Ohio guard the avenues to the town, and turn back the black men who are coming in. They exercise the greatest brutality in not a few cases, that I have witnessed in the process of driving back poor people, flying to freedom, lies with bleaching bones in the dark woods. Still many come in, and all that are able are enrolled. Yesterday a colored man came to me, and told a pitiful tale, that, as he and his son, on their way in, lay in the wood sleeping, a white man, armed, came and ordered them to get up and go back home. The old man escaped. This white blackguard, who is known, is an example of the class with which Kentucky and Tennessee is cursed—the slavery born, grown up, and still living, the most-cowardly, most-brutal Southerner; idle, lazy, mean, and good for nothing but the dirty work of hunting negroes, which the masters of the slaves would scorn to do.

Another black man came in who told and verified this. He was hired to the Hon. Cave Johnson, and lived on his plantation. Two weeks ago Johnson, the ex-postmaster-general, ordered the man to plant tobacco. He remonstrated, said he was hired, and entitled to the day for his own use, and, besides, was a little sick—not able to do a day's work. He was before Mr. Johnson, and still declined to work. Mr. J. ordered him to be whipped. The man ran for the house, and Mr. Johnson followed, procured a rifle from a cabinet, a man of mark among great men—gave the overseer a pistol, and hrutally ordered him to shoot the flying negro. Fortunately the man was not hit, and he safely made his way in. Mr. Johnson, the slaveholder says his once bright intellect is faded; but the act was one of instinct. It was precisely what was once practised, and nothing was known of it, or, if known, was approved it. This is the system which, please God, we will destroy forever next November, by the election of Abraham Lincoln and Andy Johnson.

THE DROWNED SOLDIERS IN THE U. S. C. TROOPS.

JAMES ISLAND, S. C., July 9, 1864.

Editor of The Palmetto Herald:

SIR: The most distressing casualty that has occurred during the present campaign against this island is the drowning of twenty enlisted men of the 21st Regiment U. S. C. T., on the night of Saturday, the 2d instant. Nearly all these men were drowned in sight of Mitchelville, or on the plantations on Hilton Head Island. A detachment of the 21st Regiment, U. S. C. T., under command of Capt. Willoughby, of that regiment, was crossing the Stono River, from Legareville to James Island, in two pontoon boats. When fairly under way, a steamboat met the detachment; some hailed Capt. W. and told him to order the captain of the steamer had orders to take the boats in tow. They were accordingly hitched on; the steamer started a little speed, and was soon out of hailing distance, with all on board. Col. Hosley, of the 54th N. Y. V., was rescued, also the oarsmen. Each soldier had his gun and 80 rounds of ammunition, and, as soon as the alarm was given, the men in the boat had the presence of mind to cut the belts of their cartridge-boxes and throw off their knapsacks, and, in a few minutes, all but the oars were gone in the rebel forts capable of penetrating her armor.

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slavery and secessia. Those model patriots, Seymour and Fernando Wood, are here. Was not the Secession movement inaugurated in Charleston? There are other men here, too, who have so long lain in Northern soil that they take to the purple tyrants of the dying harlot does not seem to drive them from her side. When Aaron Burr's funeral was held, a humorous clergyman suggested as a text, "Behold this man, he sinned!" Have not the night-watchers in the death-chamber of Southern slavery made this the same discovery yet?—*Rev. Theodore Cuyler, in The Independent.*

THE TRUTH IS SUPERIOR.—The St. Louis Journals, of Friday, contain verbatim reports of the examination of Gen. O. Smith. Smith, whose business is that of our enemy, is charged with being a Grand Secretary of the so-called Order of American Knights, and robbed of his money, and invigled into his membership, he seems to have been promoted as a Brigadier of the Order. Its purposes—which doctrines, it is now alleged, contemplate a combination with the rebels of the South to overthrow the Union—are American Union. Smith professes to repent of his fellowship with the Knights, and his professions ought to be of some value. He lived in the South for years, and was a Slave-holder. He joined the Knights. He swors falsely when he took his oath of Fidelity to the Order. He perjured himself when he became an informer against the Order. And yet, he had not forfeited the privilege of forswearing his allegiance as a citizen once again—when some new order of Knights shall offer him a fancy. Perhaps, however such man be found to bring supporting evidence of this great co spiracy?—*Times.*

SLAVERY PERISHING IN KENTUCKY.—There is hardly a farm or neighborhood in Kentucky that has not lost some of every slave he had. One instance alone will suffice—Major Shelby, son of ex-Gov. Shelby. Out of fifty hands all are gone but two, the two who will not leave their master, that they are of no account to him whatever; and thus the old gentleman is left, with the heaviest crop in the county (over 300 acres), with no means of gathering it. One day this week, while riding out on the Georgetown pike, I saw four as pretty white girls as I ever saw on Broadway, dressed in common calico, with straw hats on their heads, all armed with rakes, and handling up the sheafs to the music of "Coming Through the Rye." Town and country are all the same. Families are deprived of their female servants, who are either wanted in the field or have run away. Thus the mistresses are obliged to do the whole cooking and do the cooking and other menial duties, which three years ago they would never have dreamed they could do. At the Fair ground Brother Lee, in the Lord's Vineyard, have been obliged, from the scarcity of help, to go over into Ohio and hire some boys to take care of the cattle, sheep, etc.—*Lexington (Ky.) Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.—*Cleveland (O.), Aug. 3.*—The revelations of the Northwest conspiracy have taken the country by surprise. The disclosures in the Lower Mississippi are of such a nature as to stamp them as authentic. I have known for the past year of the existence of such a conspiracy, but never suspected its magnitude. In May of last year an inkling of the matter was given me in St. Louis, with the promise that I should soon make it public. My informant and myself looked upon it as a chimerical affair, and I concluded to wait for the time when it passed from consideration, and was forgotten until a few weeks since. The rapidity and extent of its growth was sufficient to alarm the disinterested friends of its managers, and the necessity for breaking up their schemes. Now it is known that the plan of the conspiracy was matured was without a name, except as a branch of the K. G. C., latterly the title of Order of American Knights was given to it. It was to have a final revision at a general meeting, meeting is appointed in Chicago for the 27th inst., two days before the Convention, to which none but those in the higher degrees will be admitted. Much has been made well probably present the session, though this is by means certain. The chief cause of the conspiracy arises among the Knights and their friends now at Niagara Falls, Windsor, and other places in Canada. Some mischief is brewing there, and it is thought it will come to from Detroit, sure to break up the institution. The snake is scotched, not killed.—*Cor. Cin. Gazette.*

THE BIBLE PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN by the colored people of Baltimore, and which cost $580.75, is thus described in *The Anglo-African*: It is of the usual pulpit size, with the exception of being a little wider (like the violet colored silk velvet. The corners are bound with solid massive gold bands, carved, and upon a plate, which is also gold not less than one-fourth of an inch thick; on the left-hand cover are two images, representing the President in a stooping posture, with the shackles just fallen off of the wrists of a slave who is holding one hand aloft as though invoking the blessings of God upon his benefactor. Near the top of the plate, in bold relief, are the words, "I seen the word "Emancipation." On the other cover is a representation of the slave in the following inscription: "To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, the friend of universal freedom. Presented by the loyal colored people of Baltimore as a token of their high esteem. Baltimore, July 6th, 1864." The case for the book, made of walnut, is silver-mounted and lined with white silk. The Bible was manufactured in Philadelphia, and mounted by Samuel Kirk of Baltimore.

INTERVIEW OF A CANADIAN EDITOR WITH THE PRESIDENT.—"Pen and Pencil" is the signature of a Toronto Paper, writing from Washington to his paper, thus describes an interview with Mr. Lincoln:

The President's private room is just over the reception room, and is entered from a sort of square hall, about which there are seats for those who are waiting for public audiences with the President. Upon entering this room, I saw persons walking to and fro in waiting. I at once placed in the hands of the attendant my card and letters (previously procured from friends in New York and Cincinnati), which he carried in to the President, and, without a moment's delay, I was ushered into his presence, when he arose and stepped forward in a stooping position, extended his hand, and shook hands with me most heartily, his face as if he was afraid of hurting it, remarking, at the same time: "I am glad to see you, sir; be seated." I replied: "I am a stranger to you, Mr. President, but have come to shake hands with you, Mr. President, and have been much pleased with the easy access to office."

President—Yes; this ready means of access is, I may say, under our form of government, the only link or cord which connects the people with the government; and however unpoliticable much of it is, it must be kept up. As, for instance, a mother in a distant part, who has a son in the army, and who has been wounded, has not served out his time, but has stayed as long as she thinks he ought to stay, and she thinks that by some means I can take to bring her here to entreat me to grant him his discharge. Of course, I cannot interfere, and can only see her and plead, as she does, for her boy. Well, I have spoken to Stanton, and, at the moment's delay, I was ushered into his presence, when he arose and stepped forward in a stooping position, extended his hand, and shook hands with me most heartily, his face as if he was afraid of hurting it, remarking, at the same time: "I am glad to see you, sir; be seated." I replied: "I am a stranger to you, Mr. Secretary, I have come to shake hands with you, Mr. President, and have been much pleased with the easy access to office."

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"I read your proclamation of this morning calling for more men; it will, no doubt, be filled up."

President—Yes, sir, it will be filled up.

"I then rose, saying: "I thank you, Mr. President, for your kindness and courtesy to me."

President shakes hands again, and says: "I am most happy to have had the pleasure of seeing you."

These words are given exactly as expressed by the President, written down a few moments after they were uttered.

MARRIED.

BESCHER—JOHNSON.—AT JACKSONVILLE, Fla., at headquarters of Colonel Hallowell, Colored Troops, on the 7th inst., by John S. Swaim, Pastor of the M. E. Church, Col. JAMES C. BESCHER, of the 35th U. S. Colored Troops, and FRANCES B., only daughter of Samuel C. Johnson, Esq., of Guilford, Conn.

Special Notices.

AARON M. POWELL will lecture at
Plattsburg, N. Y., Sunday, August 14.
Burlington, Vt., Monday, August 15.
Ferrisburg, Vt., Tuesday, August 16.
Vergennes, Vt., Wednesday, August 17.
Moriah, N. Y., Thursday, August 18.
Athol, N. Y., Friday, August 19.
Glenn Falls, N. Y., Sunday, August 21.
Bolston, N. Y., Tuesday, August 23.

Advertisements.

EMPIRE SHUTTLE MACHINE.

Patented February 14th, 1860.

SALESROOM, 636 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

This Machine is constructed on an entirely new principle of mechanism, and combines more useful and valuable improvements, having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLICITY and PERFECTION COMBINED.

It will embroidery, quilting, tucking, binding, braiding, or any practical operation of the Agricultural College and Experimental Farm, upon the conditions that the State shall accept the same, and shall pass a law to carry the donation into effect and employ with the donation the funds received from the United States Government, and the income of the College, Measures are being taken in Congressional grant to Massachusetts, and the Experimental Farm about to be established at Amherst.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

A CONTRABAND'S IDEA OF THE WAR.—One of our prominent business men, who thoroughly realizes by what way—while waiting for the cars at a railroad station a few miles out of town, spied a young man of the colored race, standing in front of a shoe store. Thinking him a good type of his class, our friend employed the time in getting his opinion of the war. The following colloquy ensued:

"Well, boy, where do you live?"

"Why, hoss, when I'm at home, I live out in Michigan."

"Well, what do you think of the war being these times?"

"Why, hoss, dat depends on what you mean by dat question."

GEN. GRANT AS A SOLDIER.—A Petersburg correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press says*, a few days since Gen. Grant was walking around the docks at City Point, when he stopped to see some men roll a barrel of cocoa from cart to a boat. The negroes were unable to move it, when a crusty lieutenant, who stood near, dressed in big epaulettes, shouted, "Why don't you roll that barrel harder, or go get another man to help you?" Without saying a word, Gen. Grant pulled up his sleeves and helped the negroes roll the barrel up the plank. Drawing a white handkerchief from his pocket and wiping his hands, moved quickly away. You may imagine how this *Second* Lieutenant felt when he was told that the man he had so long chaffed was the Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies. The lieutenant was dressed in coarse homespun, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and one of the most unpretending-looking personages one could imagine.

SARATOGA is not crowded. There is no jostling for a glass of the sparkling morning "tipple" at the Congress Spring. Nor does there seem to be such a craze for dressing, dancing, and diamonds as last season. People are behaving somewhat like people in the world. Crowded shoulder, and I fear there is no small number of "peace-at-any-price" men, and even of sympathizers with

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"Well, what do you think of the war being these times?"

"Why, hoss, dat depends on what you mean by dat question."

GEN. GRANT AS A SOLDIER.—A Petersburg correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press says*, a few days since Gen. Grant was walking around the docks at City Point, when he stopped to see some men roll a barrel of cocoa from cart to a boat. The negroes were unable to move it, when a crusty lieutenant, who stood near, dressed in big epaulettes, shouted, "Why don't you roll that barrel harder, or go get another man to help you?" Without saying a word, Gen. Grant pulled up his sleeves and helped the negroes roll the barrel up the plank. Drawing a white handkerchief from his pocket and wiping his hands, moved quickly away. You may imagine how this *Second* Lieutenant felt when he was told that the man he had so long chaffed was the Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies. The lieutenant was dressed in coarse homespun, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and one of the most unpretending-looking personages one could imagine.

SARATOGA is not crowded. There is no jostling for a glass of the sparkling morning "tipple" at the Congress Spring. Nor does there seem to be such a craze for dressing, dancing, and diamonds as last season. People are behaving somewhat like people in the world. Crowded shoulder, and I fear there is no small number of "peace-at-any-price" men, and even of sympathizers with

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Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE FREED LAND.

The land is cleansed! Where'er the sin had left
A footprint or a trace,
Repentant tears rain down upon the dust
And every stain efface.
Upon beneath God's look the records lie,
Nor need we blush or fear
To turn their leaves, from which the wrong is erased,
Beneath His sunshine clear.

In the hot fire of indignant love
All fetters melt and fall,
The least we ask from country and from law
Is Liberty for all.
The ancient prejudice has covered back
Beneath the patriot's blame;
To all who love our country and our flag
We give a brother's name.

Is more atonement needed? We can give
More yet of wealth and gold,
More yet of precious blood, whose worth and price
No words have ever told.
So that our land be cleansed, be pure, be true,
Be righteous in God's sight,
We place no bound, hold back no sacrifice,
Nor shun e'en ruin's night.

Our land is cleansed! Thank God forevermore!
Angels may walk thereon,
Nor stain their robes against a rusty chain,
Nor hush their orison.
And if the graves are thick about their way,
They'd call them shrines for prayer,
Nor turn aside from e'en our battle-fields,
For true hands conquer there.

ELLEN MURRAY.

THE WAR ON DENMARK.

[The following, which we find in the Philadelphia *Press* of July 26, is the most intelligible account of the origin and objects of the present war of Prussia and Austria against Denmark that we have seen.]

THE treaty of 1852, in which the principal contracting parties were England, Russia, and France, was intended to secure to Prince Christian of Glucksbourg, the succession to the crown of Denmark, in the event of King Frederic's dying without a male heir. Russia, which had some pretensions to Holstein-Gottorp, a small duchy then held by Denmark, liberally abandoned them, and put Prince Christian of Augustenbourg, who was nearer the Danish throne than Christian of Glucksbourg, but who had opposed the King of Denmark in the war of 1849, and had thereby incurred the penalty of treason, accepted a large sum of money, in consideration of which he agreed, for himself and his heirs, to abandon, for ever, all claim to the crown of Denmark, and particularly to the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig. His eldest son, who now claims these Duchies, was not eight, was twenty-three years old when this sale or surrender was made, offered no protest at the time, shared in the condonation of his own and his father's treason, which it gave, participated in the profits and luxuries which the money gave, and accepted the whole transaction as right and lawful, until last November, when King Frederic of Denmark died, and Prince Christian of Glucksbourg succeeded him on the European guarantee of the Treaty of 1852.

The moment the old King of Denmark was dead, the young Prince of Augustenbourg, evidently carrying out a prearranged plan, to which the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha and some other petty German sovereigns were also parties, claimed the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig—carefully ignoring the paternal sale of such claim and his own acquiescence in it during a period of twelve years. The result is known to the world—the Duchies were taken from Denmark by Prussia and Austria, and non-interference by England, Russia, and France, who also had signed the treaty of 1852, whose express object was to prevent any difficulty on the Danish succession. Not without cause has Mr. Tenniel drawn a cartoon in the last number of *Punch*, entitled "The Promissory Note," which represents King Christian of Denmark presenting John Bull with a promissory note, "London, 1852, on demand we promise"; while Napoleon and the Czar are stealing away out of the coutoinghouse, and Mr. Bull, the note being presented for payment, exclaims: "Now, then, Mr. Kossuth and Monsieur Proggy, whose name is this standing for? Your names are to the Note, as well as mine, and you're as much bound to pay your share as I am." This does not tell *all* the truth, however, seeing that England declines interfering for Denmark, unless Copenhagen be bombarded, or the unfortunate King made prisoner.

All things seemed to go well for Prince Frederic of Augustenbourg. Assumed and Prussian troops took mark on his account. Queen Victoria took his part against the interests of her daughter-in-law, against the wishes of the British nation. The German Confederation backed up the Prince Pretender. It was proposed to let Denmark off by detaching Holstein and half of Schleswig from it, and giving them to the Prince of Augustenbourg. The unfortunate King of Denmark was willing to make this sacrifice of territory, but the Prince, actuated with ambition and success, refuses to accept half of Schleswig. Most probably, he drives at becoming master of and ruler of the whole of Denmark.

He is beginning to experience the truth of the old saying that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. The grand Duke Nicholas, of Oldenbourg, in whose favor the Czar has now resigned his pretensions to the Duchy of Holstein-Gottorp (a place not as big as one of our smallest Pennsylvania counties, and so insignificant that it is not mentioned in "*Lippincott's Gazetteer*,") has put in a claim against that of the Prince of Augustenbourg, to the Duchies of Holstein and Schleswig, and will be a formidable opponent should Russia back up his pretensions. Connected in blood with the Imperial family of Russia, the Grand Duke Nicholas of Oldenbourg, now thirty-five years old, is an antagonist not to be despised or disregarded.

To these claimants may be added another, who has suddenly sprung up, a new Jack-in-the-box. This is Prince Frederic of Electoral Hesse-Cassell, born in 1832, and resting his pretensions on the family claim to Holstein-Gottorp, and also on his relationship to the late King of Denmark. He is not to be confounded with Prince Louis, nephew of the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was really are five distinct rulers in Hesse, whose united subjects are considerably under a million. He renounced his claim when the London treaty of 1852 was made, and now resumes it, in consequence of that instrument being declared null and void.

Here, then, is a prospect of a Triangular Duel—the Princes of Oldenbourg, Hesse, and Augustenbourg blazing away at each other, and the unfortunate King of Denmark, in the centre, as a target, at which each of the combatants, may occasionally discharge shot. To add to the complicity, we may imagine Russia adding Oldenbourg, Hesse sustained by Austria, Augustenbourg sustained by Prussia, and Denmark *not* assisted by England.

CUTANEOUS TENANTS IN CEYLON.

OUR way lies through the late reaped rice fields. The cattle are now pasturing amongst the stubble, chewing cud in the shade, and switching off the flies from of the ticks and other insects. There is a good deal of mutual accommodation of this kind in Ceylon. It may be seen constantly at noon-day in the native's hut, where, stretched at full length, with the shevelled locks, he reposes his head upon the lap of his tender spouse, while she, kind soul, does the office of the white stork for him. The same benevolent act is sometimes performed by a mother on her infante; it is one of endearment, corresponding to our stroking a child's head. The Buddhist priest—forbidden to take life of any kind, now and then so over, who strains the very water he drinks lest there should be any living creature in it, ignorant of the existence of animalcules invisible to the eye—how is he to do? He gets over the difficulty by shaving his head, face, and eyebrows, and so steals a march on his enemies. The cows are of great assistance to cows and sheep, and I saw one very earnestly recommending himself to a pig, on whose back he was making strenuous efforts to maintain his seat, but piggy would not be thus assisted on any terms whatsoever. He starred off at full gallop protesting by loud and angry squeaks against being ridden. The cow kept his seat gallantly for some time, but found the paces of a pig rather uncomfortable, so he got off, quoting the following lines from Spencer:

The doughill kind
Delights in filth and fowle incontinence:
Let Gryll he Gryll, and have his hoggish minde;
But let me hence depart whilest wether serves and winde.

And so saying, he tried what could be done with a dog that was looking on hard by. There is one animal in Ceylon that has no feathered friends, and it is not to be wondered at. I mean the jackal; and the manner in which he is said to rid himself of his tormentors was recently related in an interesting paper in one of the local publications. A jackal was, it is said, observed by a gold hunter to take up some cocoa-nut fibrein his mouth and proceed to the water, where, wading in a short distance, he gradually lowered himself, until he had nothing but the very tip of his snout remained above water. After retaining this position for some time, he suddenly ducked under, leaving the cocoa-nut fibre in the water, and made for the shore. The old hunter had been watching his actions with much curiosity for some time, unable to make out what his customer was after, but quite prepared to find it was something very deep. When he had left, the man examined the piece of cocoa-nut fibre, when the object of the jackal was at once apparent. His disagreeable tenants had, as he sunk in the water, gradually wended their way towards his snout. Thence they had, poor deluded victims of misplaced confidence, cocked up in the cocoa-nut fibre, and soon they were left to the mercy of the fickle elements, while master jackal sloped off with a clean bill of health.—*Once a Week.*

WOMEN AND WORK.

From Madame Demorest's Mirror of Fashion.

IT has been the great curse of American women that work—work for a living—was considered dishonorable, and only to be resorted to in cases of the direst necessity. Hence, many have toiled on, clothed and disguised in all sorts of ways; and, if discovered, apologized for, as if a crime had been committed instead of an honorable effort made to obtain a livelihood. Daughters of poor, hard-working fathers and mothers have been taught to shun all honest labor as a disgrace, and encouraged to a life of idleness, which has often borne bitter fruits, while the children of parents "well-to-do," but who, perhaps have risen from the lowest rank, have been left in utmost ignorance of anything that wears the badge of that toil which won for them the distinction they so arrogantly claim.

With these ideas taken in with their mother's milk, and improved more or less strongly, day after day, by every word, and look, and comment upon their own state and fortunes, or those of their friends and acquaintances, is it surprising that girls avoid work in every possible way; pride themselves more upon ignorance and incompetence than upon knowledge and efficiency, and look upon occupation of any useful kind as a disgraceful necessity, which they must escape from as soon as they can by marriage?

It is this absurd prejudice against labor which makes girls eager to rush into matrimony with the first man who makes them an offer, be he who or what he may, which precipitates them, without reflection or thought of consequences, into unions as unhappy that their whole after lives are spent in unavailing repentance and remorse. It is this which fills our streets with the wretched daughters of shame, which desolates happy homes, and drags men down to crime, does to painful meanness, humiliating subterfuge, and constant effort to seem to be what they are not.

Thus it happens that in no department of business can competent women be found to fulfil the duties as required. Only the extremest necessity will induce them, as we have said, to obtain employment, and then, ignorant though they may be, they imagine themselves competent to fill any place, and resent if they can not be paid to the most experienced persons. Any business, by which a livelihood can be obtained, requires industry and application, as well as some natural ability, before it can be mastered, and yet there is many a young girl or women who seek employment. They will apply for positions, of the duties of which they are totally ignorant, vaguely supposing that they shall learn somehow, and quite satisfied if they succeed in getting the place, that the rest will follow indeed, quite a merit of never having been "obliged to work," evidently supposing that the mistress of a large establishment will consider herself honored by the possibility of adding to her corps so distinguished a person, and offer increased pay in consequence.

Feeling no respect for their calling, and determined to escape from it at the first opportunity, girls rarely acquire that proficiency which is only the result and reward of devotion to and honest pride in any profession. Where such cases occur, and of course they are to be found occasionally, they are sure of appreciation, and substantial encouragement, especially if united to integrity of purpose.

Take a large dry goods establishment, and imagine how much more profitable a dozen swift, competent, well-paid hands will be, than twice the number of slow, ignorant, ill-paid ones, whose work has to be carefully watched, and half taken out, and who cannot be relied upon for anything but their blunders.

The person to blame, and the primary cause of all the difficulty is the mother, who teaches her daughter nothing but what she thinks will most enhance her, both by precept and example, that labor is a disgrace, from the humiliation of which a husband will secure her. Such ideas undoubtedly assist greatly to render her a suitable wife for a poor man.

There is a promise for the future, however, in the fact that fathers have begun to take the matter in hand. Heretofore the education and management of daughters have been left almost wholly to the mother, who has shown little inclination to contribute, than as nearly useless to themselves and others as it is possible to be. But the experience of the last year has taught a salutary lesson taught by the war, have roused sensible men to action; they feel that they are risking too much in allowing their daughters' present and future welfare to be sacrificed on the altar of conventionality, and they are determined to put a stop to ful vanity. Matrimony is no longer a certain resort to young women, and if even they do secure husbands, the chances and changes are such, that it is not at all unlikely they may be compelled to rely upon themselves for support.

Under these circumstances, many men of highly respectable social position have wisely determined to place the means of independence in their daughters' hands, by putting them in a position to earn, should they learn a trade, not necessarily as a profession, but as a means of usefulness, and a resource in case of an emergency. This will dignify female labor, by bringing an intelligent and cultivated class of women into the field; and this is precisely what is needed. A thousand different employments are open to women, if they were only competent to fill them, and felt pride instead of shame in their own honest endeavors.

The time is rapidly coming, when our young women do not accept and ennoble labor by their hearty recognition of its claims and requirements, it will be forced upon them under much more humiliating and discouraging circumstances. Every young girl, who is the rich or be she poor, ought to have the means of livelihood put into her hands, in addition to a thorough training in all household duties.

Thousands of mothers will say, "Oh! this is impossible, my daughter is already over-burdened with school duties; I hate to ask her to hem a pocket-handkerchief, or do the smallest thing on account of her time being so occupied. Yet we dare to say, she finds plenty of leisure for parties, and concerts, and amusements of every description, and if not, there is no reason why she should be crammed at school, to the exclusion of other things much more useful. Until sixteen is sufficient time for any girl of average intelligence to be educated; for the following two years should be spent, one in practically studying housekeeping at home, the other in obtaining a trade or profession as a means of livelihood. This would quickly remove all the prejudices against the idea of the minds of ignorant people against work for women.

HOME DISCORDS.—Everybody says what excellent parents they are and what a happy home their children must have! How can the young people weary of it for a moment? Is not home Mary's a charming, well-educated, and perhaps very clever young woman, desire any other companion than her mother? Of course a mother is the best and closest companion for a grown up daughter, but, "Love, love, love," for in virtue of the mere accident of motherhood, which only comes by instinct, and confidence must be not exacted, but won. Mary may have the strongest filial regard for that dear and good woman, to whom she owes, and is ready to pay, every duty that a daughter ought, and yet he inwardly conscious that nature has made the two so different in tastes, feelings, disposition, that if she were to open her heart to her, her mother would not understand her in the least. Not to speak of the difference of age, greater or less, and the not unnatural way in which elderly people who do not retain youthfulness of heart, as they grow old, forget what it is to be young, and sympathy with the young. But Providence having constituted these two mother and daughter, they must get on together somehow. And so they do. Though Mary in her secret soul may writhe sometimes, she loves mamma very dearly, and would be her better still if she would only let her alone to follow her own tastes in any lawful way. But this mamma cannot do. She is like the goose with the young cygnet, always pitying herself that her child is so unlike another people's children. Mary's life out with endless complaints and impossible exactitudes, until at last Mary sinks into passive indifference, or bitter old-maidism, or plunges into reckless marriage—anything, anywhere, only to get away from home.

John's case is not so hard, in one sense, he being a man, and Mary only a woman, but it is far more dangerous. Mary may be made merely wretched; he man, and Mary only a woman, but it is far more dangerous. Mary may be made merely wretched; he wicked, by this narrow mamma. Why should John, who is only three-and-twenty, presume to hold a different opinion on politics, religion, or aught else, from his father? Papa is the elder, and of course, knows best; papa has had every opportunity of forming his judgment on every subject; and he has formed it, and there it is, carefully cut and dried ready and available, for use. Any of those doubts which are the torture and yet the life of all ardent, youthful spirits. There it is, and John must, sooner by it, hold his tongue, and take his obnoxious newspapers and heterodox books out of the way; which John, being a lover of peace, and trained to honorable obedience, very likely does; but he chafes between either a private contempt—we are so scornful when we are young!—or an angry rebellion against the narrow-mindedness that would compel him into his father's way of thinking, simply because it is his father's. Be the lad ever so good, a continual sense of injustice cannot fail to chafe him, and injustice is one of the most fatal elements that, at any age, can come into the sacred relation between parent and child.—*All the Year Round.*

SAFE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

A.

Air, she was not an angel to adore,
She was not perfect, for no one only this:
A woman to be prattled to, to kiss,
To praise with all sweet praises, and before
Those men were never ashamed to say
The affections of your pride away.

I have kept Fancy travelling to and fro
Poly many an hour, to find what name was best,
If there was any sweeter than the rest,
That I might call my darling so;
All this of woman seems to me the sweetest,
The finest, the most gracious, the completest.

The dust she wore about her I agree
Was poor and sickly, even to make you sad,
Yet this sad world where this poor thing dwelt
Is ornament more excellent than she;
The earthly dress was all so full that you
Could see the heavenly spirit shining through.

Not what she was, but what she was to me,
Is what I fain would tell—from her was drawn
The affection that I had when you first laid down;
With her and for her I could only see
What things were sweet, and sensible, and pure;
Now all is dull, and grossing, and dim for sure.

My sorrow with this comfort is yet stilled:
I do not dread to hear the Winter stir
His frosty pinions—I have no fear for her;
And all my love could wish, I know, is hold
A place so sweet beneath heaven's arch of blue
As she by death has been elected to.

THE FREEDMEN IN LOUISIANA.

CAMP OF N. Y. VOL. CAV. (REG'T'S 900.)
MANNING'S PLANTATION, ASCENSION
DISTRICT, LA., June 24, 1864.

* * * * * * *

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

I AM a constant witness of the barbarizing effects of slavery. By this testimony of both slaves and masters, the average Southern life of a healthy, able-bodied slave is from four to five years. The lessees work their plantations both night and day when they are getting in a crop of cane or cotton. Sundays are not excepted, and they do not suffer their mills to stop an hour, as they claim that for every hour thus lost when making sugar they suffer a loss of $500.

To see the corruption which is gradually creeping into this Department, under the management of Banks, is painful in the extreme to one who is anxious to see the spirit of the Freedom proclamation carried out to its fullest extent. There is hardly any chance for a slave to get a fair trial, even for wrongs committed by the lessees of the government plantations. The Provost-Marshals and lessees are linked together in the scheme to defraud the negro. I have witnessed the disposition to rob him in many ways. The manager of this plantation proposes to give the negroes under him $5 per month, and give them abundant allowances of corn meal and bacon, with other articles of food. When paying them off the month after, he says they owe him so much for hoed his cotton well, and to another that he was not quick enough in getting out in the morning, and to another that his or her mules (for the women work here with hardly better clothing on them than a South Sea Islander) were not promptly on the spot when the sun rose in the East, and so on through the whole list of three or four hundred hands, giving to some 50 cents; to others $1; and so on up to $3, and very seldom does any one receive the last amount. Will not God's curse follow such imposition? His displeasure is already manifest. This overseer or lessee calculated to make $250,000 from this plantation, and he could have made twice as much if slavery ruin. This was when it was very dry and everything was languishing for the want of water. Rain came to gladden his heart, and his restless hand seemed to feel already the ill-gotten thousands soothing his pulse, when it not only made him see the most ardent wish, but it continued to rain so much, and *still continues* every day, as to prevent them from working, and thus the grass has gained upon them, and threatens to choke and destroy most of the cotton crop. He is now fearful that all will slip from him unless he concentrates his labor upon a small portion, and, though he was so avaricious as to deny the negroes any land for their own making, they are now so thankful for the boon glad to give out a great many acres to work *ostensibly* for their own profit; but when they come to gather their crops, I am afraid Mr. John's theory will come of the black lots set aside for the hands, and which they work nights and Sundays in order to make a little for themselves. The cry of the oppressed goeth up to the Lord. "How long, O Lord, how long?" The man who oppressor fattens upon the labors of the helpless. But there is a more revolting picture still to look upon. Disgrace of disgraces, when a Union and Northern soldier will help to tie up and gag a helpless negro woman, and then, after doing this, whip and kick her naked body. When I was on guard, I came across the very woman who, the Sunday previous, had received this treatment. The picket post is on Orange Grove Plantation, about three miles from here. This woman was so bruised that she could hardly speak to me. They did not dare to tell me the cause of her condition, and I did not suspect the truth until I was confidentially told it by the cook of the overseer, who, he implored me not to tell of this, or they would all be whipped. There is one of the 2d Louisiana Cavalry detailed to see that the negroes work on the Orange Grove Plantation. I would here remark that all the cavalry and infantry that are raised in this section are rebels at heart, and are simply sent to "spy out the land," or their disposition is to escape the severity of the rebel army, and seek what they can from the treasury of Uncle Sam. They are required to do duty around the New Orleans, and are detached on plantations in the capacity of "nigger-drivers." Such a person is detailed on the Orange Grove Plantation, and was the one who whipped the woman mentioned above. Many of our pickets, a kindred spirit, volunteered his aid, and helped in the hellish work. Such is the effect of Seymour-teaching in the Sixth Ward, New York. If I can ascertain who perpetrated this disgraceful act, I will inform you of the complaint of the fair. When I was on guard duty, I kept sharp watch of the Louisiana Sergeant, and had I seen any of his domineering spirit, I should have cut him down and instilled a lesson into his heart. These cavalry men are rebels at heart, and cannot be trusted. They should be recruited here and sent to the Army of the Potomac or the Cumberland. Rain falls here every day, and it very much interferes with our scouting duty around the Lake. We have the same mode to hunt the guerillas as they use against us. They shoot us without halting us, and we secret our men and fire on them without any warning. It has in a great measure abated the nuisance.

THE FIRST DAY OF FREEDOM.

WE crossed the Pamunkey and halted upon the southern bank. I found a deserted house, and appropriated a room for the night. During the day the provost guard came with several hundred colored people of both sexes and all ages. It was the sabbath day—bright, clear, calm, delightful.

"Will it disturb you if we have a little singing?" it was the request of a middle-aged woman. "You see we feel so happy to-day that we would like to praise the Lord."

"Not in the least. On the contrary, I should like to hear you."

In a few moments there was a crowd assembled in one of the large rooms. A stout young man, black, bright-eyed, thick-wooled, running over with energy, took the centre of the room. The women and girls, in their best clothes, which they had put on to make their exodus from bondage on the best possible manner, stood in circles round him.

The young man began to dance. It was not a movement regulated by rhythm, but a shuffle. He jerked up his hands, shook his head, his thighs, whirled round, stamped upon the floor.

"Sister, let us bless the Lord. Sisters, join in the chorus," he said, and led off with a kind of recitative improvised, as the circumstances and ecstasy gave him utterance, from my note-book I select a few lines:

Recitative—We are going to the other side of Jordan,
Chorus—So glad! so glad!
Sisters, we are going for freedom,
So glad! so glad!
We are going on our way,
So glad! so glad!
To the other side of Jordan,
So glad! so glad!
Sisters, we are going follow?
So glad! so glad!
Brothers, won't you follow?

And so it went on for a half hour, without cessation, all dancing, clapping their hands, tossing their heads. It was the ecstasy of action. It was a joy not to be uttered, but demonstrated. The old house partook of their ecstasy, and swung with their jubilant shouts, and shook in all its joints.

I stood an interested spectator. One woman, well-dressed, intelligent, refined in her department, modest in all her manners, said, "It is one way in which we worship, sir. It is our first day of freedom."

The first day of freedom! Behind her were years of suffering, hardship, of unrequited toil, of heart-aches, darkness, no hope of recompense or of light in this life, but an unchanging and changeless lot. Death, aforetime, alone was their deliverer. For them there was hope only in the grave. But suddenly the light had shined. Hope had come. It had advanced from eternity into time. They need not wait for the grave, in life they could be free. Is it a wonder they gave extravagant exhibition of joy?—*C. C. Coffin, in Watchman and Reflector.*

ARROGANCE OF THEOLOGIANS.

THE arrogance of theology in contrast with the humility of sacred Scripture is very striking. The spirit of theology for two thousand years has been minute, positive, and dogmatic. You are not to understand me as finding fault with the exercise of theology. It is essential that every man should have a theology. Because no man thinks without having a theology; and a man that does not think is not a man. It is not because men form theologies that I complain, but because they assume not only that those theologies contain some truth, but that they contain *the* truth. There are men who assume that the Bible is sufficient alone to teach us a knowledge of God. It teaches us some things about God; or, rather, it teaches us little in way about some things; but it does not teach us enough of God to justify us in framing a doctrine about him. It teaches us that he is supreme, and true, and loving; but how much do you know of God when you have learned those things? Take, for instance, the doctrine of love, with all its combinations and affiliations and relations. How little do you know of this element, unless you are familiar with these things? "God is love," will say, "he teaches us the existence of a moral government." It does teach us the *existence* of a moral government; but it does not teach us any such view of that moral government as we find in the theologies.

Now, a man has the liberty to frame a theory of God, if he will say, "I am ignorant and weak and fallible, and any theory that I can frame must of necessity be founded on partialities." If theologies are humbly, every man has a right to have one, and one of his own. And if every man was accustomed to think, and then was honest enough to tell exactly what he thought, no man would have a theology that is any more than a theology. It does not have a hole in his mouth, or his eye, was like that other man's. There would be some minor distinctions. As far as men think differently, they differ from one another in real, though not important, points of theology. But the theology of the church for eighteen hundred years has been to all intents and purposes a rod of iron; and it has assumed to include in its creed the great substantial verities of religion. Not only that, it has assumed the right to demand belief and obedience. And not only that, it has had its special mode of punishing dissent. Each sect have erected their throne, and have demanded, just as strongly as if there could not be even numerous other sects in the world doing the same thing, that men should accept their symbole and doctrines, and believe them, from A to Z, or be punished. In olden times, you know, they punished conclusively. If they could not convince a man, they could at least make him sure, they imprisoned him, and burned him. That was a very convenient method of settling theological differences. A little later they spared the man, but took his property, and made a bonfire of his house. That was a great humanity, it was thought. We refine on that. We do not take a man's property, because we are proud to say that we live in an age of enlightenment, and that we have freedom of conscience; but we can still hardly bear clothing on them (more than a South Sea Islander) were not promptly on the spot when the sun rose in the East, and so on through the whole list of three or four hundred hands, giving to some 50 cents; to others $1; and so on up to $3, and very seldom does any one receive the last amount. Will not God's curse follow such imposition? His displeasure is already manifest. This overseer or lessee calculated to make $250,000 from this plantation, and he could have made twice as much if slavery ruin. This was when it was very dry and everything was languishing for the want of water. Rain came to gladden his heart, and his restless hand seemed to feel already the ill-gotten thousands soothing his pulse, when it not only made him see the most ardent wish, but it continued to rain so much, and *still continues* every day, as to prevent them from working, and thus the grass has gained upon them, and threatens to choke and destroy most of the cotton crop. He is now fearful that all will slip from him unless he concentrates his labor upon a small portion, and, though he was so avaricious as to deny the negroes any land for their own making, they are now so thankful for the boon glad to give out a great many acres to work *ostensibly* for their own profit; but when they come to gather their crops, I am afraid Mr. John's theory will come of the black lots set aside for the hands, and which they work nights and Sundays in order to make a little for themselves. The cry of the oppressed goeth up to the Lord. "How long, O Lord, how long?" The man who oppressor fattens upon the labors of the helpless. But there is a more revolting picture still to look upon. Disgrace of disgraces, when a Union and Northern soldier will help to tie up and gag a helpless negro woman, and then, after doing this, whip and kick her naked body. When I was on guard, I came across the very woman who, the Sunday previous, had received this treatment. The picket post is on Orange Grove Plantation, about three miles from here. This woman was so bruised that she could hardly speak to me. They did not dare to tell me the cause of her condition, and I did not suspect the truth until I was confidentially told it by the cook of the overseer, who, he implored me not to tell of this, or they would all be whipped. There is one of the 2d Louisiana Cavalry detailed to see that the negroes work on the Orange Grove Plantation. I would here remark that all the cavalry and infantry that are raised in this section are rebels at heart, and are simply sent to "spy out the land," or their disposition is to escape the severity of the rebel army, and seek what they can from the treasury of Uncle Sam. They are required to do duty around the New Orleans, and are detached on plantations in the capacity of "nigger-drivers." Such a person is detailed on the Orange Grove Plantation, and was the one who whipped the woman mentioned above. Many of our pickets, a kindred spirit, volunteered his aid, and helped in the hellish work. Such is the effect of Seymour-teaching in the Sixth Ward, New York. If I can ascertain who perpetrated this disgraceful act, I will inform you of the complaint of the fair. When I was on guard duty, I kept sharp watch of the Louisiana Sergeant, and had I seen any of his domineering spirit, I should have cut him down and instilled a lesson into his heart. These cavalry men are rebels at heart, and cannot be trusted. They should be recruited here and sent to the Army of the Potomac or the Cumberland. Rain falls here every day, and it very much interferes with our scouting duty around the Lake. We have the same mode to hunt the guerillas as they use against us. They shoot us without halting us, and we secret our men and fire on them without any warning. It has in a great measure abated the nuisance.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I.

O, God! our way through darkness leads,
But Thine is living light;
Teach us to wait, nor ask or seek
To each slow-wearing Night;
Make us to know, though Pain and Woe
Seem our sole portion here,
That Ill at last in death lies low,
And only Good survives.

II.

Too long th' oppressor's iron heel
The stolidly brow has pressed;
Too oft the tyrant's mad'rous steel
Has pierced the patriot's breast;
Yet in our souls the seed shall lie,
Till Truth shall bid it thrive,
Of seedtime late Wrong shall die,
And only Right survive.

III.

We walk in shadow! thickest walls
Do seem to hem us round;
Our brothers spurn our tenderest calls,
Our holiest aims deride:
Yet through our souls no fiendish thought,
Its subtle web contrives,
Still Falsehood's texture shrink to naught,
And only Truth survives.

IV.

Wrath clouds our sky; War lifts on high
His flag of crimson stain;
Each monster birth o'erspreads the earth
In Battle's gory train;
Yet still we trust in God the Just,
Still hope for Peace and Love,
That, 'neath Thine eye all Hate shall die,
And only Love survive.

New York, May 1, 1864.

CORN HUSK PAPER.—Now that paper has reached such an enormously high figure, the question of some other material than rags for making it assumes new and fresh importance. Many substitutes have been tried, but none of them have seemed to rally answer the desired purpose, and a name and a fortune still await him who invents or finds a material that will make good and cheap paper, and which will take in every respect the place of that now made of rags. The Austrian government has been experimenting for some time on paper made from corn husks, and has succeeded beyond the fondest expectation. Isaac Newton, the commissioner of agriculture at Washington, has just received specimens of this paper, which excite the surprise of all who have seen it. There is paper equal to the finest linen paper, beautiful specimens of colored paper, and tissue paper of great tenacity, specimens of paper for envelopes and ornamental paper, in all some sixty samples, all of it equal to paper made from rags, and apparently of greater durability. But the paper does not use up all the material of the husks. After the paper pulp is extracted, the stouter fibres are untouched, and these are easily woven into a coarse and strong cloth or crash, and, besides, the starch of the husk is all saved, pressed into square cakes, and afterwards ground into powder, which is used for laundry purposes. The Austrian experiments have been going on since late in 1862, and that the manufacture has proved profitable is showed by the fact that an expenditure of 273,730 florins has yielded a net profit of 105,250 florins, or nearly forty per cent. on the capital employed. The manufacture of this paper in Austria thus seems to pay, and the Austrian government is fast putting this paper on the market, in competition with paper made from rags. Whether it would pay in this country or not, is not clear. Husks being already worth from 6 to 8 cents a pound for filling mattresses, and if brought forward as a substitute for rags, the price would immediately go up. But the fact is, we have not carefully attention of manufacturers, and if the manufacture of corn husk paper would not be profitable now, the invention of new machinery and processes might make it so. One thing is certain, a good and cheap substitute for rags has yet to be found, or new supplies of books will soon be beyond the reach of common folks.

GONE IN BATTLE.

R. R. G.

Four weeks ago, with bonding eyes
And bated breath, and prescient pain,
I watched you, 'neath May's sweet skies,
March gravely to the great campaign.
You murmured, "Battles must be fought—
To God and country—we all I grieve!"
The fate of men! it matters naught,
The great republic still shall live."

Your last discharge, ah, swift it came!
Released upon the crimson tod,
'Mid shock of shell and battle-flame,
Your glorious soul went home to God.
Four little weeks ago, and then
How gay, how eager for the fight!
Four weeks! and now—and now, and now
I call in vain through dark or light.

Four little weeks! The ripening earth
Lies in the Summer's arms of Glory;
Forest, and meadow, and stream, and birth,
For us, "a memory and a name."
Your home, which walked with you a king,
So brave, so beautiful, so strong;
Linked with all fair and lovely things,
With hopes, and joys, and memories long.
The world is poorer since you went,
Somewhat of gladness from the air,
O glory from the heavens bent,
Of beauty—I miss everywhere.

And yet I may not, dare not say,
God's summoning angel came too soon;
Ere morn's first dew had rainbed away,
Before the splendor of the noon,
Promotion came, Heaven's best bestowed,
The "well done" crown. O, not unmet!
So fair, so young, so loved, and yet
To God and country—all complete.

Alas, for those who still must wait,
As if beneath the autumn skies
They'd see your golden cross the gate,
And meet you at the radiant door;
'Twas thus you parted; thus they dream'd
To meet you, glad, in the primeval glory
The fine, rare being love so deemed
Is now a presence in the air.

When red, ripe Autumn bears the earth
From meadow, grain and orchard, garms,
Your soul, arrayed in royal girth,
Redeemed from all War's direful harms,
May wander by the silvery Lake,
By native hills to you so fair;
And while you hear the harvest cope,
Enfolding them in seraphic care.

O, ye beloved! cease your moan,
For still your lonely day is blest,
He lives, and leaves not you alone,
But guards our waking and our rest.
No whisper thrills the trance of stars,
O, weary silence! still we wait
For death to drop life's blinding bars—
We'll see you at Heaven's open gate.

—*Springfield Republican.* MARY CLEMENTE AMES.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

HEBER MARSHALL was fond of his wife, when he could spend time to be so, and faithfully paid back her love in her graces of mind and body, and had given her no peace until she returned his passion and became his wife. He had called her "enchantress," "sultana," "angel," "darling," "dear, sweet comfort," and all the other terms that enchant lovers in one; and he had knelt before her, begging her favor; he had, in short, expressed, both by word and action, the utmost tenderness and devotion. Ruth, the silly little thing, had scarcely believed that all this would last. You perceive she had ignorant of his—*man* nature.

Heber meant, he felt all he said; there was no guile in him. He was ready almost to resign his life to be comfort and joy to his Ruth. Ruth, as he told her in verse; for he wrote poetry in his parroxysm of love, as 'tis said gentlemen generally do. But when he had secured her, by love and by law, he "cared off." His prowess was so rapidly like, poor little Ruth was almost heartbroken. Not knowing the nature of man's love, what such a change meant she could not imagine.

"Don't you love me any more, Heber?" she asked one day, having gazed intently at her husband for half an hour as he sat absorbed in a law book. In all that time he had not once turned his eyes on her. When she spoke he looked up. The forlorn, pitiful, reproachful expression of Ruth's face struck him as extremely ludicrous. He roared out laughing, dropped his book, and held out his arms—which were instantly filled. One feels foolish writing of love scenes—even between husband and wife; we shall therefore pass over the one that it set the heart of Ruth at rest for the time.

But Heber was dreadfully full of business. He grew more and more so. He never neglected Ruth for the sake of any other woman, but he never outgrew spasms of the primal order, but the time came when all his wife's entreaties could not gain his company for one evening a week. She learned to amuse herself with her sewing, and took heedfulness about it; she learned to take his love on trust; she learned to live almost without him; but she did not and could not learn to be happy so. She could never cease to pine after the old days, the blessed courtship days. Woman has a very burning heart.

Many women never acquire enough "good sense" to be cheerful and happy apart from sympathy (expressed) and communion, true, deep, constant communion with their husbands' love. Ruth was one of this sort. A pensive look, a settled melancholy, a depression stole into her face; her tones became plaintive. Heber often ridiculed her and sometimes did her the giving way to low spirits. He was vexed when he caught her in tears, fearing and doing anything to console her he told her that he believed she loved to be miserable. "Heaven would never suit *you*," said he. "There is no weeping there—and you wouldn't like to be where you could not cry."

Ruth had been feeling very unwell; she had begged hard for an evening's quiet comfort with her dear husband; but he could not stay away from some meeting of importance, and here women were not allowed. She had been unable to keep back her tears, and the above was what they brought upon her. Heber hastened out, and the feeble, nervous woman sank upon the sofa and finished her weeping. Though a wife and mother, "poor and beloved, she was *not* cherished." She had not slept well, and wept so badly. Next day she was ill of a fever. Not very ill; Heber did not think it necessary to neglect business on her account. So in answer to her appealing look, he only kissed her cheek and went from the room. He did not leave the house, having work that he could do in his study. But he was not with his wife an hour all that day. If any one had told him that he was a cruel man he would have resented the charge. He told Ruth a week or two that he loved her exactly as well as ever he did; that *his* motto was "Faithful"; that he *never* changed, and that, that could a woman need more? But he changed at least unconsciously radically, in feeling, and in his opinion of his own conduct.

"Oh! dear pape, I *wish* you loved poor Ruth enough to *want to stay with her* more than you do." These were the words of a little daughter on the evening of the day she was taken sick, by the way. Heber had spoke to him again, except in the wanderings of delirium. In a few more days Ruth's eyes had forever done with tears, and the sadness was all cleared from her white, serene face. Heber wept, and then, there, telling that, at last, the deep, yearning soul of the gentle one was satisfied.

Heber, in gazing on that still face, felt his heart breaking. All the past condemned him; he condemned himself; he even thought that he had killed her. The memory of her last words stung him like serpents. He would have given all he possessed could he have had her but one more year to cherish. Repose of rage.

JACKSON ON SPECULATORS.—Just before President Jackson retired from the presidency, he told Hon. James Guthrie of his characteristic method of dealing with men who undertook to deal improperly with the exigencies of their country. Contractor following General Jackson's army far into the Indian country, and when the army began to suffer for provisions, some of these dealers began to ask fabulous prices for their provisions. The case was at length informed of their extortionate demands, and summoned them before him and attempted an appeal to their patriotism. He found that soil perfectly sterile. At length he ordered a body of officers to appraise the goods, and allow the owners a fair profit upon them, and he showed these owners the appraisement. He offered to take their provisions at this appraisement. They refused to sell, and Jackson, determined that his soldiers should not starve, ordered the rations to be distributed, and a faithful account kept of them.

As soon as the owners saw their provisions disappearing, they waited upon Gen. Jackson and agreed to accept his terms. Everything went on until he retired to his plantation, when the contractors refused to take them, and demanded payment. Jackson reasoned with them until he found they were inexorable in their demand. He then ordered a file of soldiers to be detailed, two of them with axes, and led the contractors to the place of the Hermitage, where their goods had been stored. Gen. Jackson said that after he had placed them on the boats, he made what he told them was his last appeal, and as the last moment they consented to take the treasury notes. He